

1011
FLASTACOWO
LII





A Florida Scene.

FLASTACOWO

Nineteen Hundred *and* Eleven

VOLUME II

Published *by the*

SENIOR CLASS

of the

Florida State College

for Women



TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Dedicated

**To those who have made it possible
for us to make this possible—
Our Mothers and Fathers.**

To the Students, Faculty, Alumnae,
and the Board of Control; to all our
friends, whoever and wherever they
may be; to the citizens of the State of
Florida

Greetings!

After much effort on our part, we, the
members of the Senior Class of 1911,
present this book to you. Grave
faults there may be, yet consider them
kindly. Remember only the good.



A n A p p r e c i a t i o n

During the early years of this College, when the foundations for the traditions of the Institution were being laid, we had a man amongst us, who, though larger Institutions called him repeatedly to larger fields of activity and service, devoted many of the best years of his life to instilling into the minds and the hearts of the students here at the Florida State College for Women, a true ideal of life, and a right conception of what that life means. What could be more fitting than that the Class of 1911, who, for a number of years sat at this man's feet should bring a warm tribute of love to him? Here, then, is to the Scholar, the Gentleman, the Teacher, and the Friend,
SAMUEL MARION TUCKER.



Annual Board

Sarah Davis,
Editor-in-chief.

Iva D. Townsend,
Business Manager.

Elizabeth Corbett,
Associate Business Manager.

Associate Editors.

Lucile Gregory	Literary Editor
Lonny Landrum.....	Assistant Literary Editor
Olivia Moody.....	Art Editor
Essie Long.....	Athletics Editor
Bess Buchanan.....	Fine Arts Editor
Caddobell Farr.....	Cuts and Grinds Editor
Mary Fries.....	Staff Artist

Directors of the Florida State College for Women

BOARD OF CONTROL.

Hon. P. K. Yonge, Chairman.....Pensacola
 Hon. E. L. Wartmann.....Citra
 Hon. T. B. King.....Arcadia
 Hon. W. D. Finlayson.....Old Town
 Hon. Frank P. Fleming.....Jacksonville

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

His Excellency, Albert W. Gilchrist, Chairman.....Governor
 Hon. H. Clay Crawford.....Secretary of State
 Hon. Park Trammell.....Attorney-General
 Hon. W. V. Knott.....State Treasurer
 Hon. W. M. Holloway, Secretary.....State Supt. of Public Instruction

OFFICERS AND FACULTY.

EDWARD CONRADI, A. M., Ph. D.
 President, and Professor of Philosophy.

JEROME McNEILL, B. S., Ph. D.,
 Professor of Biology and Chemistry.

CLARENCE E. BOYD, A. M., Ph. D.,
 Professor of Ancient Languages.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, M. A., LL. D., D. Lit.,
 Professor of Romance Languages.

ELMER R. SMITH, A. M.,
 Professor of Mathematics and Physics.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS, A. M.,
 Professor of History and Political Science.

WILLIAM G. DODD, M. A., Ph. D.,
 Professor of English.

NATHANIEL M. SALLY, A. B.,
 Dean of the Normal School, and Professor of Education.

A. W. CALHOUN, A. B.,
 German and History.

L. S. BARBER, B. S.,
 Assistant Professor of Biology.

ROWENA LONGMIRE,
 Assistant Professor of English.

MABEL H. WHEELER,
 Director of Model Kindergarten, and Instructor in Principles and
 Methods of the Kindergarten.

HALLIE C. LEWIS,
Instructor in Domestic Art.

INEZ ABERNETHY,
Director of the School of Art.

MARTHA MAY CLINE,
Director of the School of Music, and Instructor in Pianoforte,
Theory and History of Music.

SARAH Y. CLINE,
Instructor in Voice Culture and Sight Singing.

CLARA L. FARRINGTON,
Instructor in Violin.

VIRGINIA EGGLESTON HARDAWAY,
Assistant Instructor in Pianoforte.

MARY W. ATHORP, A. B.,
Librarian.

MARY W. AUSTIN, B. S.,
Director of Model School and Instructor in Primary Methods.

MARGARET McCARTY,
Director of Home Economics.

SALLIE BELL WILLIAMS,
Instructor in Latin and Mathematics

CARRIE E. BALLENTINE,
Instructor in Voice.

ESTELLA MURPHY,
Instructor of Pianoforte.

EDITH MOSES,
Director of School of Expression.

MRS. CAWTHON,
Lady Principal.

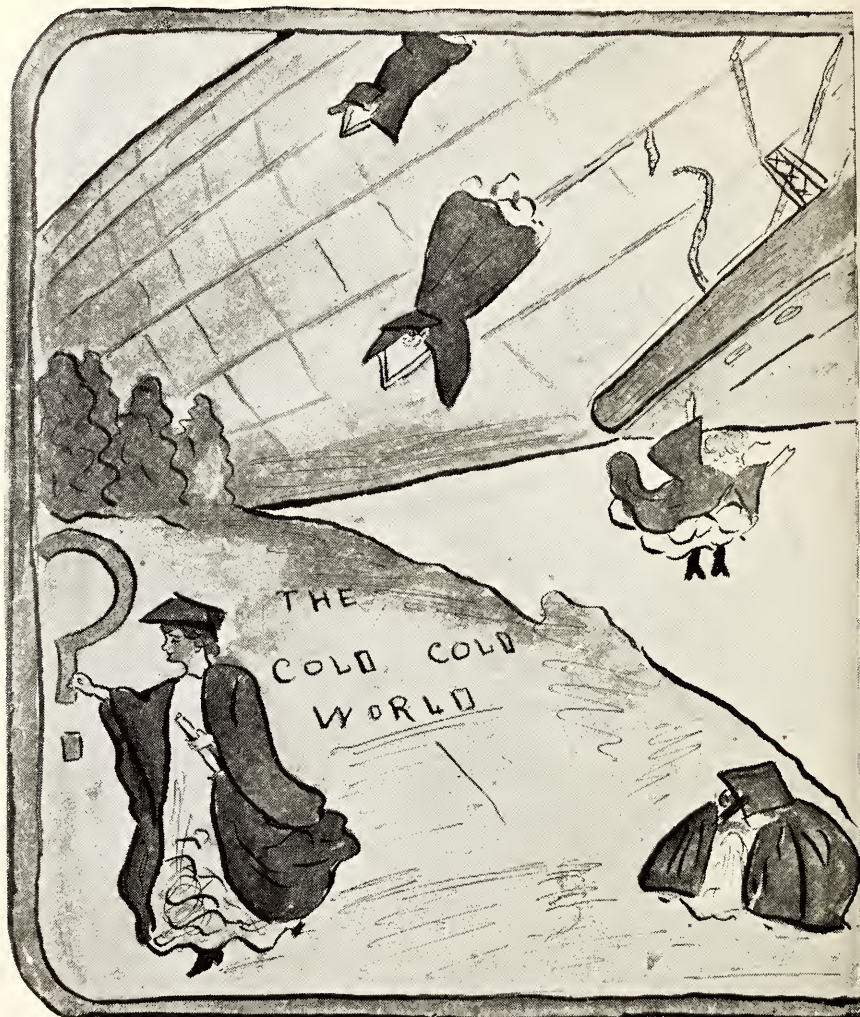
MISS WAITIES,
Head Nurse.

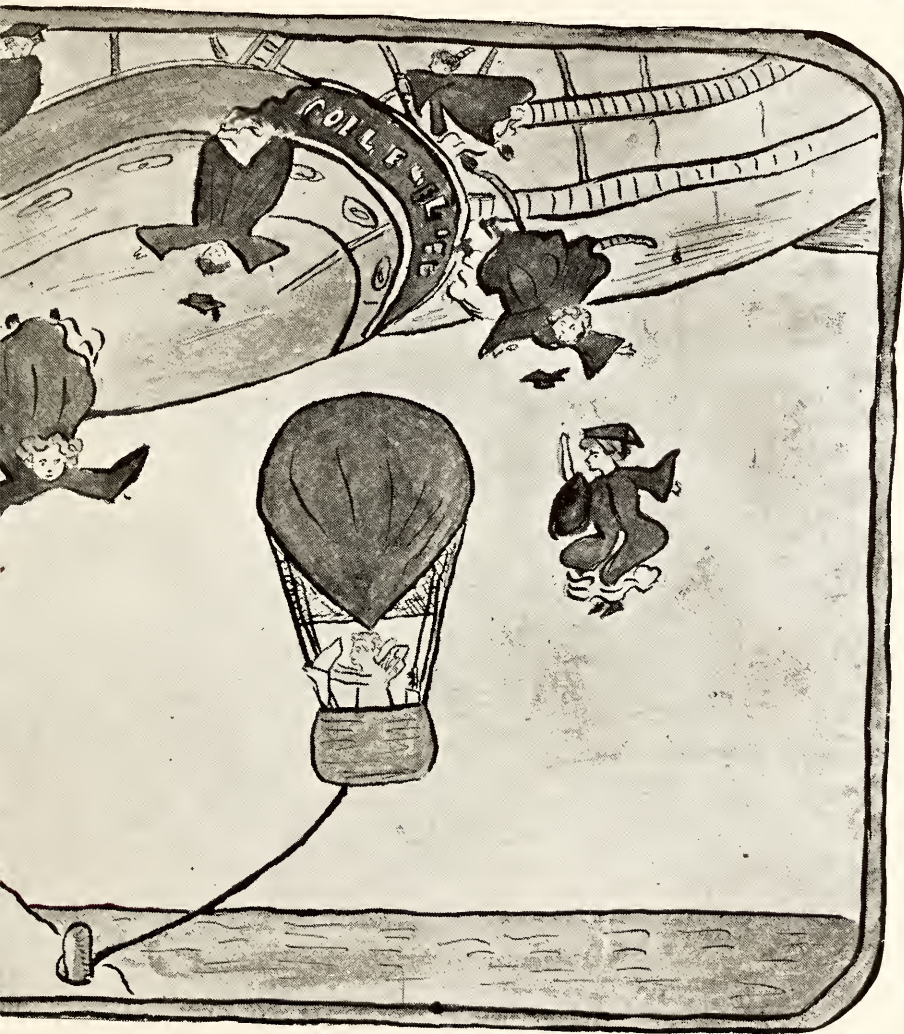
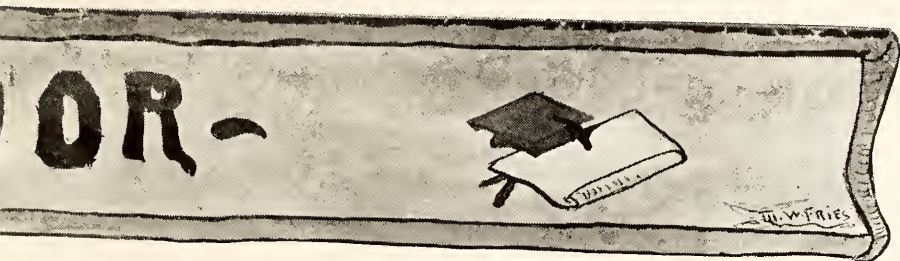
MRS. L. B. YONGE,
Superintendent of the Dining Room.

FREDERICK C. MOOR, M. D.,
Physician to the College.

JOHN G. KELLUM,
Treasurer and Business Manager.

MISS ETHEL SHARMAN,
Assistant to the Treasurer.







Senior Class

Officers.

Omerea Holloway	President
Nora Hart	Vice-President
Elizabeth Corbett	Secretary
Pearl Long	Treasurer
Estelle Roege	Historian

Motto:—"Nil Mortalibus Ardui Est."

Flower:—Black-Eyed Susan. Colors:—Orange and Black.

Omerea Belma Holloway, A.D.P.
T.L.S. Tallahassee, Florida



"I can't make my cap stay on straight.
I haven't got time."



Bess Buchanan X N, Mc.
Lampa, Florida.

“Don’t you want to come play tennis?”



*Elizabeth P. Hart - KΔ, T.L.S.
Jacksonville, Fla.*



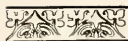
"I absolutely will not send my clothes
to that laundry any more."



Sarah S. Davis X.O., T.L.S.
Quincy, Fla.

"Six more petals and then I'll be
through!!"





*Caddobelle Farr, M.C.
Nauchula, Fla.*



"It's time for Y. W. C. A. girls!"



*Lucile Gregory A.K.Y.T.L.S
Chickney, Fla.*

"Girls, it's very, very funny."





*Nora Hart M.C.
Lakeland Fla.*



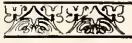
“Oh, pshaw, I’m going to be late to
breakfast again.”



*Louise L. Lumbum, X.D., J. L. S.
De Funiak Springs, Florida.*

"I don't know where 'Tissie' is."





*Essie M. Long A.A.P. Thelma
Tavores Fle.*



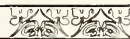
"Oh! that ankle again."



*Pearle Long, AΔΦ, T.L.S.
Tavares, Fla*

“Oh, let me tell you what all good we
had in Domestic Science to-day.”





*Drene M. Sweet X.O., J.L.S.
H. Funnah Springs, Florida.*



“Who’s sweet?”



Olivia Moody, KA, T.L.S.
Tampa Fla

“Ye fishes! I’ll never get this done by
the fifteenth.”



Estelle Ruge, A.K.V. I.L.S.
Tallahassee, Florida.



"Just contemplating the beauties of
nature."



Josephine Townsend XΩ MC.
Lehe Butler Florida

“Girls—I’ve told you heaps, but if it gets out, I’ll swear I never said it.”

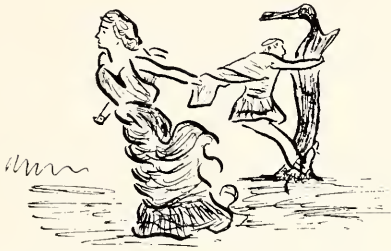




History of the Senior Class In Incarnations Past and Present

The soul of Caddobell Farr was once incorporated in the body of an early Christian martyr. Having a good start, this soul rapidly made its way in many shapes, in various places, stopping for a long while in Germany where it acquired a deep love for all Germany, and all things pertaining to Germany. Probably it was here also that the corporal sheath took a fair skin and light hair. Soon, however, the flesh and all its wearisome burdens (such as freck-

les) will be annihilated, and Caddobelle's soul, set free from every incubance, will be ready for eternal Peace and Forgetfulness.



The tall athletic Essie, whose thin lips and determined chin do but bespeak the strength of the woman within, is the twentieth century successor to that ancient Spartan Mother who sent her sons to battle with the command to return with their shields or upon them.

As for Pearl, her present dry wit, her extreme reserve and taciturnity, are the results of a late incarnation in which

It were well to note here how Estelle came by her perseverance, her unshakable stick-to-it-tiveness. And thereby hangs a tale. With something of the spirit of the tragic Lady Macbeth who probably despised her lord for his vacillation before the gory deed. Estelle can be imagined in her sleep, assiduously practicing for English, getting the words slightly mixed, but still rubbing her hands together in nervous agony, moaning, "Not all the erasers in the world can efface that one little mistake I made in Ethics exam. But come, come, come, what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed."

Some time ago there lived in England a very famous actress, who had, besides her dramatic talent, a great inclination to society. She had a good figure, a straight nose, and a fine mouth, and her name was called Mrs. Siddons. And were she living now, she would probably be seen at the horse show, the automobile races, aeronautic flights, at the seashore, at her box in the theatre as well as on the stage itself. It is hard to say whether or not she would play bridge. If not, it would be chiefly in this respect that her ambitious successor would be different—her successor being, of course, the original Elizabeth Corbett of Jacksonville.

These wise old Seniors, having been here four years, have tasted the sweets of knowledge, the sweets of ignorance, the sweets of the corner stone, and the sweets of love. But they have found the only sweetness that does not cloy is the personal sweetness of Bess Buchanan. They have known, also, the freshness of Chaucer, the keenness of Herr Heinrich Heine, the admirable orientation of Dr. Conradi, as well as the quick



wittedness of Iva Townsend's numerous scintillations. So taken together, Iva and Bess for an ideal combination, and their friendship is but a reproduction of the devotion of Rosalind and Celia, who as Celia said, "Still have slept together, learned, played, eaten together;

And whereso'er we went like Juno's swans, still we coupled and inseparable."

Imagine Lucile Gregory as a damsel in the days of chivalry when those funny old Knights met and fought with each other to see whose girl was the nicest. Imagine Lucile up in the towers of an old medieval castle industriously polishing the shield of the gallant knight who wasn't in earnest, and you can see how a little of the soul of the lovely Elaine has become embodied in the Lucile we know to-day.

The low, broad brow, the long, slumberous, dark eyes, the full oddly-shaped lips, in fact the complete orientalism of Olivia originated where long ago, the River Nile flowed lazily, where the tropical sun, with its sword of fire, heat, blazed from the Eastern sky, and beneath, the teeming earth reeked with the dark, glistening foliage of Egypt—the aged, the mysterious. The soul and the personal beauty of Olivia recall the luxurious majesty of Egypt's empress—Cleopatra.



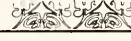
Since Lonny Landrum and Irene McSween are such late arrivals on the scene of Senior hostilities with General Ignorance, it is rather hard to deduce just what their soul's histories have been during the by-gone ages. Still it is easy to place Irene, with her flashing dark eyes, and equally flashing, white teeth, her strong right arm and her reserve fund of stored up heroism, in France during the year 14 when, indeed, she lived and died with so much credit to herself as Joan of Arc. Lonny, busy, bustling, active, useful, reproduces Florence Nightengale, the original Red Cross Nurse.



Nora Hart is the original Chinese Missionary. Long ago she lisp'd her way into the heart of many a benighted Mongolian, and for reward for good work done in the past, she is working among the heathen of the Florida State College for Women, where her task is harder, but is in slightly more congenial surroundings.

Mrs. Julius Caesar was undoubtedly a bright woman—and, as a wife, as delightful





and as devoted as she could be. She was so concerned and yet so tactful when her husband was in danger, that we run the risk when thinking of her, of neglecting her intellectual side. Yet she certainly ran to intellect—she spoke good Latin and went in for Greek and astronomy and things of that kind. Why all this about Calpurnia, you ask? Because she is the direct ancestress of Sarah Davis.

And now we come to Omerea Holloway. Nobody less than the noble Portia—the gentle, the wise, the strong—could be remotely related to our Omerea. Except for the slightest possible tendency to gayety among the girls, Omerea has all of Portia's discriminative judgment, her naive characterization of men, her delightful humor, her dignified calmness, and her court room majesty. While from Omerea's lips come in perfect harmony Portia's immortal words:

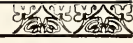
“The quality of mercy.”

But this year sees assembled these choice spirits incarnated as members of the class of 1911. Olivia, Lucile, Estelle, Omerea, Essie and Pearl are what might be called charter members, being the six original members who have persevered unto the end. Our Sophomore year “so many fell by the wayside” but we were recruited by Sarah Davis, Elizabeth Corbett, Nora Hart, and Caddobelle Farr. By the time we were Juniors our presence was felt throughout the College. We were the liveliest class on the campus. We were commonly referred to as **The**



Juniors, the Jewels, the Stars in the College Crown. It was in these gloriously happy days we overpowered the Elizabethan Drama and conquered the field of Psychology. Although the delightful Dr. Tucker had taught here for many years and had become hardened to many inquisitive classes, this Junior class put him out of business entirely, and lacking the courage to face the searching intelligence of our questions another year he withdrew to New York for a less strenuous position. Mr. J. C. Calhoun is another who, single-handed and alone, could not manage the impetuous intellectuality of the class and so another Mr. Calhoun was called in for his assistance.

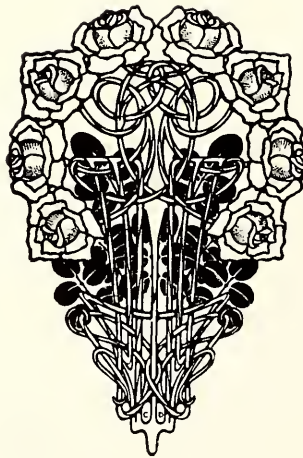
Then one night at the end of the year the Senior class collected their discarded books, placed them in a coffin, and made a moaning funeral procession in the dim light cloud veiled moon. This challenge, made by the awful, black robed moaning Seniors was not to be ignored by the Juniors. Dressing ourselves in the handiest garments possible, and draping ourselves in sheets, we assembled by treacherous candle light on the first floor of Bryan Hall. From here we sallied into the perfect May night to exhume the Senior books. Not a Senior was in sight. So making our way in two parties, across the much littered campus we finally espied the little mound. Quickly delving into it, we found not the Senior books—a box of Huylers. This was an interruption quickly disposed of. Intending to proceed in our search for the books, we were literally attacked by a vicious onslaught of the Seniors, who, rushing out from behind a pile of bricks, attempted to unsheet us. While the scrap ensued, Sarah and Estelle tipped cautiously and with considerable hesitation through the rough, unfinished lower hall of the new administration building and around to the north end of the campus and into the vestibule of the old building. Here concealed in the foliage of many thick pot plants, Sarah felt in



the semi-darkness the rough edges of a box which contained, O! joy! the Senior books. Giving the Junior yell they assembled their classmates who had succeeded in routing the Seniors, and with Olivia leaping in the lead they gathered around the books, whipped out matches, set the pile on fire and danced joyously around the flames. The spot that marks the funeral pyre of those books shall be the garden spot for the Senior class flower, the coreopsis.

At the opening of this last year the Seniors, joyous in caps and gowns, assembled in the unfinished halls of the new administration building. In the distracting, confused happiness of that morning we recognized Iva and Bess as fellow Seniors in all the dignity of the Senior robes. There were also two entirely new faces, and our delight was great on meeting Lonny Landrum and Irene McSween, who swelled our number to fourteen, making this the largest class which has yet graduated from this College. But already the tendency to reminiscences comes over us. The past four years have much in common for the most of us, but there is an intangible sadness in reminiscences, and a very real sadness in the thought of the separations caused by graduating, but as that time is four busy months in the future, no word with a shadow shall be set down here. And thus the fourteen Seniors of 1911 close, welcoming the Juniors to the incomparable joys of Seniority.

E. R.—'11.



POST-GRADUATE





Elise Partridge, A. B.

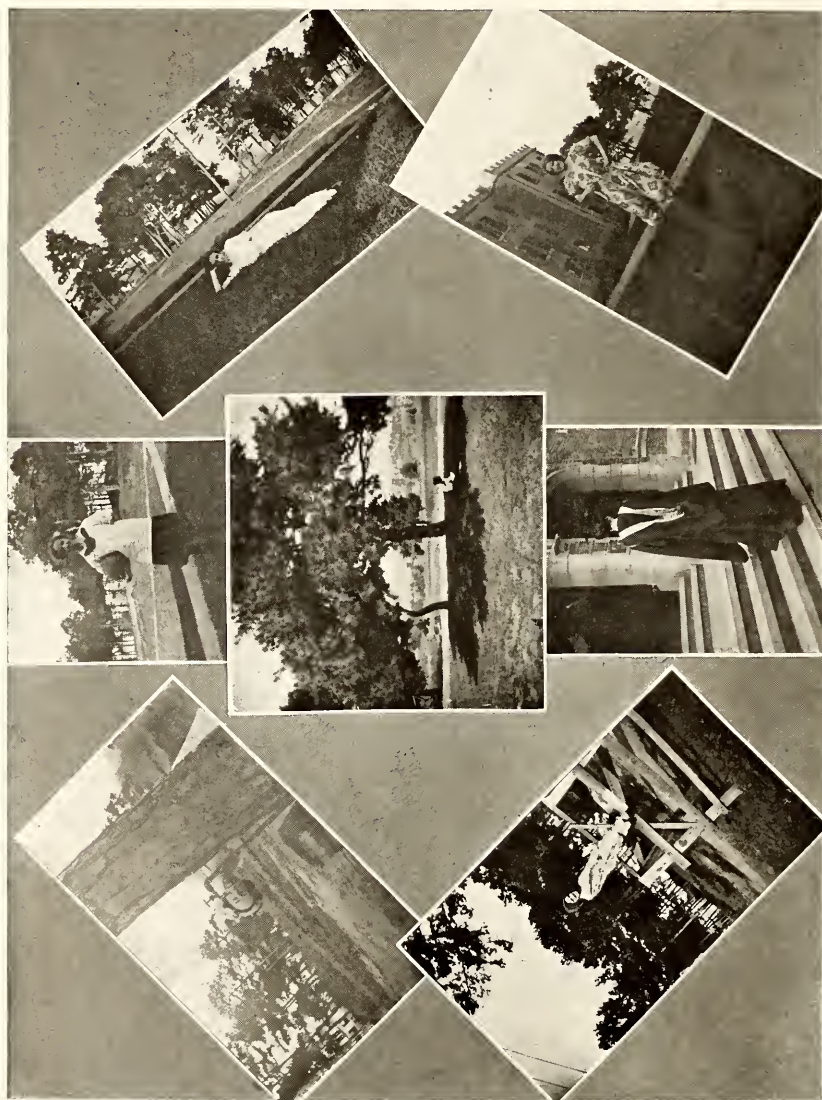
Perhaps the most appropriate thing that could be written of a class containing only one member is a dramatic monologue, but here the muse fails me, and no more can be said. Suffice it to say, I am in a class all to myself. There is nothing more exclusive in the whole world than the class that is, at present, working for an M. A. degree in the Florida State College for Women. Think of the advantages of being one to yourself. There is no question of class honors, and class officers, and there is absolutely no danger of any hard feeling arising on account of rivalry. Class meetings are a perfect joy. Nothing could be more peaceful and interesting than presiding over yourself. Think of the self control that results. Then, too, you are always sure of hearty co-operation and class support. And as for class spirit! There is never any trouble in arousing this much talked of quality, for can you ever find anyone more in sympathy with your most beloved aspirations than yourself? As for not having classmates, you have the memory of the grand old class from which you came, and that in itself will keep you going. This is one case where ancestral worship is not paganish at all. You are perfectly justifiable in spending a great part of your time in adoring your mother class, and in knowing that her eyes are on you, and that you have her support even though she is not with you in body. So you see a P. G.'s life is not a mere existence after all, but a sure-enough life.

The class of 1910 is gone,
But not forgot, you see;
The grand old class from which I came,
And grew up a P. G.

A handsome, howling, happy lot,
That last year took their flight;
They sent me back this year, you know,
To help keep up the fight.

You do the same, dear colleagues all,
Your College spirit show,
Your Alma Mater needs you,
And its wrong for you to go.

If you'll come back another year,
A P. G. you will be.
I know you won't refuse this
If you'll only look at me.







JUNIORS

Motto:—Fortites, Fidelites, Felicites.

Colors:—Crimson and Black.

Flower:—Red Rose.

Officers.

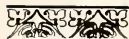
Opal Purnell	President
Blonza Cates	Vice-President
Mary Mahon.....	Secretary and Treasurer
Lottie Cordes	Historian

Members.

Eva Ballard	Edith Dyer
Joe Berta Bryan	Agnes Granberry
Margaret Burkhardt	Eloise McGriff
Nancy Choate	Marjorie McNeil
Genevieve Crawford	Lizzie Norton
Lizzie Curitan	Nannie Reese
Ethel Durst	

Yell.

Whack, whack, whack,
Crimson and black;
Senior, get a hustle
For we're on the track.



“Every Girl”

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Curriculum, a Messenger sent from Kynge Conradi.

Purnelle	Dyerre	Mahonne
Cates	Curytane	Bryane
Reesse	Crawfordde	Ballardde
Durste	McGryffe	Nortonne
Choate	Doygge	Cordes
McNeille	Burkhardtte	Granberrye

Prologue.

Gyve audyence unto the trybulatyons
Of a solemne stately classe,
Composed after the fashyone
Of the drama Every Man,
Tellyng howe thys fated classe
Journeyed thru the lands of Drama,
Of the fewe who stayed behynde,
Of the others passyng thru.

Act I.—Scene I.

Beyng the lybrary of the College. Junyors at classe metyng; all present save McNeille.

(Enter Curriculum.)

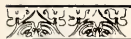
- Curr.—Talke not of flyppante pleasures
When fearfulle fate draws neare.
Cease nowe youre stylted chatter
Gyve audyence unto what I saye.
A messenger come I frome the realms beyonde
Bryngyng a summons dreade and fearfulle.
- Pur.—What! summons for us?
Messenger, I knowe thee not,
Avaunt Hence!
- Curr.—The faculty nowe holdyng counceyl
A just decree hath passed:
Every girl howe'er brave and myghty
Must enter soon the lands of Drama.
- Cran.—O woefulle daye!
Is there no helpe for us?
- Curr.—The dreade decree hath passed;
The awfulle Kynge Conradi
Hath e'en hys hande affixed.
Every girl nedes muste leve
Thys happye countrye.
To dwelle here is not hys wylle.
- Reesse.—Full ready am I to undertake the journeye,
For unto Conradi we muste nedes obediente be.
- Curr.—A longe harde journeye it must be
Therefore thye knowledge of English composytyon
Thou nedes muste brynge,
And look thou be sure of thye knowledge,



For before Dodd thou shalt answere and shewe
 Thye many badde themes and good but a few.
 McG.—Fulle unready am I suche knowledge to brynge.
 Curr.—I gyve thee no respyte—
 Come hence and do not tarrye.
 Doygge.—Oh fate! thou comest when I hadst the leaste in mynde.
 Of my goode wylle I wylle gyve thee
 If thou wylte be kynde.
 Curr.—When thou entereth thys fated lande
 Transformed wylte thou be
 From merrye, happye creatures
 To dreade and fearfulle ghostes.
 Pur. —Come, comrades, let's not tarrye.
 Dreade messenger, lede the waye.

Scene II.

Beyng a Streete in whiche Junyors are followyng Curryculum.
 Dyerre (to Cates).—Fulle muche I dreade thys journeye.
 Methinks I wylle turne backe—
 Or take another bryghter waye
 Leadyng to a farther lande.
 Cates.—I do perceyve thye thoughte,
 Aside wylle I turne also.
 Afarre I see a happyere lande
 'Tis fylled wythe sines and cosines,
 And curves and plotted wayes.
 Adieu, deare comrade, I go.
 Dyerre.—The messenger hath not perceyved,
 I wylle make haste to go
 To that lande whiche beames afarre
 Wythe plantes and flowers fayre.
 I go, I go, I go.
 Bryane.—Alacke! I see a gleamyng there
 What is't I descrye?
 Mahonne.—Oh woefulle fate!
 'Tis that dreade gate
 But a hundred leagues ahead.
 McG.—The dyrefulle gleame
 It strykes myne eyes
 I falle, I falle. (She faynts.)
 Burk.—Faynte on, fayre one,
 I can not staye,
 Mye doome, alas, drawes neare.
 Craw.—Alas! afeared am I
 Tarrye wylle I here
 Wythe mye faynted sister.
 What care I if theye go on
 To that fearfulle fated lande?
 Gladde and happye wylle I be
 To tarrye here behynde.
 Curr.—(unchaynyng the gate)—Make haste! Make haste!
 'Tis no tyme for lamentatyons.
 Choate.—Farewelle, bryghte worlde,
 No longer shall myne eyes beholde thee.



Nort.—Into thye handes, Curryculum,
Forever **commendo spiritum meum.**

(Exit classe throe gate.)

Curr.—Thanke the fayre worlde
For thye contrybutyons
To thys dyrefulle lande of Drama
When theye agayne returne unto the
Reincarnated wylle theye be (Closes gate.)
(Enter Granberrye.)

Gran.—Gone, gone, the gate stands closed;
Too late am I, alas!

Act II.—Scene I.

Beyng a caverne in the lande of Drama. Ghostes of classe—members enter.

Reesse.—Fulle welle I lyke thys lande of talente,
Departed spirits have I lately seene;
Thomas Kyd and Marlowe, too,
Weirde and ghostelyke forms were theye;
Yet I spoke fulle many a worde
And many a questyon answered theye.
Marlowe, had he tarried here,
Would have reached the heights of Shakespeare.
Kyd, the myghty bloodye author,
Unto me didst saye that he composed
That tragic playe Heronimo.
Fulle welle satysfied am I
In mye ponderyng mynde these doubtes to have settled.

Durste.—Meetest thou Kyd, mye ghostely comrade?
Wythe me the myghtye one advysed
That if e'er I should returne
To that fayre earthe agayne,
I should to mortalle men declare
That he it was who fyrste didst wryte
Upon the theme of Love
Enacted out in tragedy.
(Enter Curytane, Ballardde, and Cordes.)

Curytane.—In thys weirde and ghostlye caverne
Fynde I mye comrades gathered
Unto ye I wylle declare
What I have seene and heard.
The interludium did interest me
When I upon the earthe did dwelle,
And here in Drama did I Heywood meete,
And censured hym severelye
For in hys works he women lyghlye treated.

Ball. — Fulle much did Lyly telle me
Of hys lyfe and works at courte.
Hys wyttie dialogue and lrye grace
Did charme me.

Cordes.—Shakespeare did wythe me converse,
And all hys works dyscussed.



He didst saye unto me,
 "While Lyly to greate heightes did soar,
 I, to reale lyfe came downe.
 Thys makes me greatest of them all.
 Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Marlowe—
 All these I did surpasse,
 And thus make work so harde
 For mortale in Junyor English Classe.

(Enter Curryculum.)

Curr.—The fire, "Exam," whiche you muste passe
 Before you leve thys lande of Drama
 Nowe ablaze and readye is.
 Unless thrue thys you unscathed go,
 Here you muste and wylle remayne
 Forever doomed to pouder.

Scene II.

Beyng a roome in the College. Mc Gruffe, Cran., Gran., Dyerre, and
 Mc Neille conversyng.

Gran.—Fulle many a longe harde monthe has passed
 Synce that dreade messenger appeared.
 No worde as yet have we receyved
 Of the woefulle fate our comrades suffered,
 Or if theye ever shalle returne
 To thys their happye lande.

McNeille.—Thoughe I myself was there not presente
 When Curryculum appeared,
 Yet have I in all mye journeys
 Hearde naughte of their enterpryse.
 What didst thou, mye sister, (to McGryffe).
 If thou, indeede, didst tarrye?

McG.—Crawfordde and I, mye sister,
 Journeyed farre and wyde
 Untyl we came to a lovelye lande.
 'Tis fylled wythe trees of knowledge,
 Recipes and patterns abounde—

(Enter Reincarnated Junyors synging.)

Merrily, Merrily shalle we dance
 Back to the happye greene earthe we'll prance
 Nowe to meete oure sisters deare
 Whom we've not seen for nearely a yeare.
 Merrily, Merrily shalle we go.

Pur. — Halte! Stande!
 Our Sisters I spye.
 Rush on! Embrace!
 Joyne handes and dance.

(Here endeth the playe of Every Girl.)

E. D.
 N. R.
 L. C.



Sophomore Class

Motto:—Not at the top, but climbing.

Colors:—White and Gold.

Flowers:—White Daisy.

Alma Parlin President.
 Margaret Merchant Vice President.
 Sallie Redd Isbell.....Secretary and Treasurer.
 Jessie Partridge Historian.

Class Roll.

Lola Snyder	Ione Hough
Essie Winn	Gene Carter
Virginia Kyle	Olive Petty
Gladys Short	Virginia Tiller
Frances Kyle	Helen Carter
Ruth Austin	Fannie Watson
Constance Jacobie	Mattie Mae Willoford
Bertha Getch	Alee Morgan
Mary Deaton	Annie Treadwell
Gene Nolan	Winifred Pedrick
Hallie Deaton	Elizabeth Stewart



COLLEGE SOPHOMORE CLASS



A Sophomore Class Meeting

Alma (with dignity): "Will the meeting please come to order? It is now One forty five, and we have only fifteen minutes in which to decide about the Heart Party we are going to give the Seniors."

Genie: "I positively will not go at all unless the post graduates are invited."

Sallie Redd: "Stay at home then, and sit on a tack." (Mary laughs).

Annie: "Well, why should we invite them or why shouldn't we?"

Ione (sweetly): "Do, lets ask them!"

Olive: "Why sure! Let them come. They appreciate us." (Mary laughs).

Alma: "It is all settled in my mind. They will receive invitations."

Annie: "Who will get the prize?"

Constance: "There is no use considering Gladys. She is too timid to Tamper with hearts. And we can see that Hallie has played them before—diamonds, too." (Mary laughs)

Lola: "Wait a minute—let me think. I bet Winifred will get it. She always wins hearts."

Essie (chewing vigorously): "I'm so overworked, I doubt if I can even get there." (Mary laughs).

Alma: "We'd better stop such fruitless discussion, and decide what we are going to have."

Sallie Redd: "Well, stop then."

Annie: "Why"?

Margaret: "I'll furnish instrumental music."

Olive: "And I **must** sing. I'm quite sure the Seniors will appreciate that."

Alee: "Well, I really cannot see why Helen even considers coming to a Heart Party. Judging by the 'old Lady comforts' she wears, her fate is already settled."

Elizabeth: "Well, Isn't it so?"

Virginia T. "R-R-Ruth you m-m-must be m- master of c-c-ceremonies."

Ruth: "Oh, I'd love to; I'd really be crazy about it. Nothing could please me more, and I appreciate it no little. But are you sure there isn't someone who could do it better than I? I just know I'm usurping someone else's place. I'm so afraid I'll bother somebody. But if you are quite sure I'm the one for the place I'll try."

Annie: "Try what?" (Mary laughs).

Mattie Mae: "Well please understand right now I must leave five minutes before the end."

Sallie Redd: "Well, leave then."

Elizabeth: "Isn't it so?"

Annie: "Leave what?" (Mary laughs).

Gene N.: "Well, if Sister is here, I don't suppose I can come."

Annie: "Why"?

Fannie: "Oh, I wish it wasnt a heart party! I'm so easily excited".

Frances K.: "Jessie, you must present the prize".

Jessie: "I wish I would."

Alma: "There is the two o'clock bell and nothing is decided yet."

Amanda: "And I am so afraid the History of this meeting has not been recorded."

Elizabeth: "Isn't it so?"



Annie: "Isn't what so?"

Olive: "And suppose they don't appreciate us."

Ione (sweetly): "Oh, they will."

Sallie Redd: "If they don't they don't have to."

Mattie Mae: "There's the five minutes bell." (Mary laughs).

Historian.



In old **Virginia** lived a maid,
Her name was simply **Jean**,
She had heard of **Hallie's** comet,
But she never had that seen.

Her father was a **Merchant**,
And decided he would start her
To find the comet, so he sought
For someone who would **Carter**.

A **Wainwright** in the neighborhood
Promised that he **Wood**,
If she would only **Constant** be,
And also very good.

So one bright **Mae** morning,
At the first peep of dawn,
Her father came and **Ro sa**,
And she began to **Yon**.

She heard the **Partridge** whistle
To his cunning little mate.
So she knew 'twas time to get up
Before it grew too late.

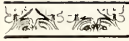
She wished she had a **Genie**
To attend her every want,
And to put her in readiness
To start out on her jaunt.

For lunch she took an **Olive**
And a juicy **Redd Bodfish**;
These she purchased from a **Stewart**,
And put them in a dish.

She was so very happy
That to herself she said,
"**Ione** the whole creation;
And I'm glad I am not dead."

And so she **Sallie(d)** forth to **Winn**
Praise and name and fame,
To make it **Short**, she n'er came back.
Well! who was to blame?





FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen '14

Motto :—Esse quam videre.

Flower :—Cherokee Rose.

Colors :—Green and White.

Officers.

Constance Cavell	President.
Bessie Eddy	Vice President.
Lude Fryer	Secretary and Treasurer.
Louise Clark	Historian.

Class Roll.

Helen Alford	Frances Long
Virginia Ames	Katharine Martin
Katie Barrs	Pearl Nicholson
Rubie Byrd	Dagmar Nielson
Constance Cavell	Rubie O'Guinn
Louise Clark	Blanche Patishaw
Bessie Eddy	Mary Rutland
Lude Fryer	Helen Saxon
Blanche Glenn	Irene Smith
Gladys Graham	Annie Mae Williams
Clarine Hoyt	Felicia Williams

Cornelia Leffler



Freshmen '14

The Senior Class of 1910, knowing of the coming of the Freshman Class of 1914, said, "Let there be a new Administration Building." Forthwith a new building was begun. Into it came the Freshman Class on September 26. A strong, lusty class, it is, with twenty-three members enrolled.

These lively young people spend most of their time trying to persuade the dignified professors that they know as much as any of them, or in making Pie review the last History lesson. They have not yet succeeded, but wait! What wonders the years will unfold!

When they are Sophomores they will be wiser fools than any of those heretofore. When Juniors, they will manage the Seniors far better than it is now being done. And as Seniors? What words can express their superiority, not only over the present august group, but also over the Seniors of all the years? For eleven of them are to become splendid musicians, astonishing the world with their tune-playing, and singing it to sleep with their melodies. Another is to paint pictures. Two shine in Latin, three in Math., and they all know the three principles of Rhetoric! Then five are preparing to sew and cook for five handsome young men.

Now, though it is needless to repeat what has already been said, to impress it upon your minds, I say again: this is the most original, brilliant, and altogether perfect class ever heard of—Yes?

(To the tune of "The Little Midshipmate.")

One day last Fall we all came here,
And entered as the Freshman Class.
We were young and green but full of sass
With many a hope for the year,
And the future of the Freshman Class.
"We'll make a record here," said we,
"And study Math. and History,
And make the Sophomores blush for shame,
We girls of the Freshman Class
Of the Florida Women's College."

We set to work with a right good will
In English under Dr. Dodd.
We frolic and work, but never shirk,
And follow our Motto still—
To be what we are and not to fake.
Now maybe you think that we are green,
But some fine day it will be seen
What we have done for our College dear,
We girls of the Freshman Class
Of the Florida Woman's College.

Then, here's to the Juniors, and here's to the Sophs.,
And here's to the Seniors so dear;
But a toast tonight to the Freshman Class
Of the Florida Woman's College.





Sub-Freshmen

Motto:—"Don't be like the Sophomores!"

Flower:—Sweet Pea.

Colors:—Pink and White.

Jessie Nelson President
Hazel Hough Vice President
Christine Alsobrooke Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll.

Christine Alsobrooke	Nellie Legg
Hilda Baile	Ethel Manning
Myrtle Balch	Zoe Manning
Beulah Braswell	Rubie McLin
Amanda Chairs	Georgie Pattishall
Belle Davis	Lizzie McNeal
Ethel Getch	Jessie Nelson
Beryl Harrison	Addie Stewart
Hazel Hough	Bessie Van Brunt

Class History

(In the Morning)

"I don't know what to write for that Annual. I guess I'll have to call a meeting of the class and let them suggest something."

(Just before dinner)

"Mr. Calhoun, will you please call a meeting of the sub-fresh class immediately after dinner in the teachers' parlor?"

"Yes."

(Just after dinner)

"Now girls, we must come to order! I have called this—Beryll, will you and Addie please stop fussing, and, at least, let the others listen. I have called this meeting to decide upon—what to—Girls! You must stop talking. We want to decide what to put in the Annual. The President has kindly given me permission to preside over this meeting, and ask you to suggest something. I can't think of anything suitable. A class prophecy is too long, and—not a one of you is hearing a word I say. Now, some of you suggest something, or I shall give the whole thing up and we won't be mentioned in the Annual!"

All I could distinguish in the various voices that answered were such exclamations as: "I can't think of anything." "I don't see what we can write"? &c.

"Well girls, the literary Editor of the Annual spoke to me this morning. The latest moment that our class representative piece can be handed in is tomorrow at ten, later the Editor-in-chief said that the man to fix up the Annual sent them a most imperative order."

"They can't rush us so," exclaimed Hazel hastily, "for the Business Manager told me we could have until the 15th."

"Makes no difference, we have to write something tonight, not later—do now, somebody suggest something."

"Isn't it cold in this room said Beryl?"

"Certainly is, going to Mrs. Pope's after class?" whispered Constance.

"No, I already owe her \$2.35; how can I afford it—do look at that exasperated face of Hilda's".

"Madam Chairman," said Jessie, "I think we had better give it up. The class doesn't seem able to behave, and really, I believe there is nothing we can suggest."

"Alright how many agree?"

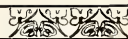
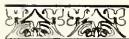
A chorus of "AYES" ensued.

"Very well, you stand adjourned"—and they all rushed eagerly out, jabbering like magpies, as if glad to have it all over, while I am left to go to my room, and study my head off to think of something to write for that old Annual, and for those foolish girls who won't take enough interest in it to even make a suggestion."

(At night just after light bell)

"Here's hoping it will be accepted."

Hilda Baile, '15.



Styles and Styles and Styles

As I sit under the stately old pine, I see all the latest modes of dress, and I wonder how on earth people can create all of those queer looking clothes.

You know we have'nt had anything exciting since the "Merry Widow" hats quieted down. Did you ever get stuck in a Pullman with your "Merry Widow"? I did, and I had a most peculiar sensation when I crawled from under it, stood off, and gazed at it sticking between those two walls. But you know, I,—why what is that coming up the walk? Did you ever see such scandalous thing in all your life? Dear me that girl has tied her dress on as tight as she can below her knees. Look, it's all she can do to take a step. Between you, and me I believe that is the new "Hobble Skirt." You know that is just like Helene—she is always trying to get ahead of other people.



Now won't you—what on earth has happened to Elizabeth? She must have been hurt in a basket ball game, or run into by an auto, for she surely has her forehead tied up. Holy Smoke! don't let her hear me saying

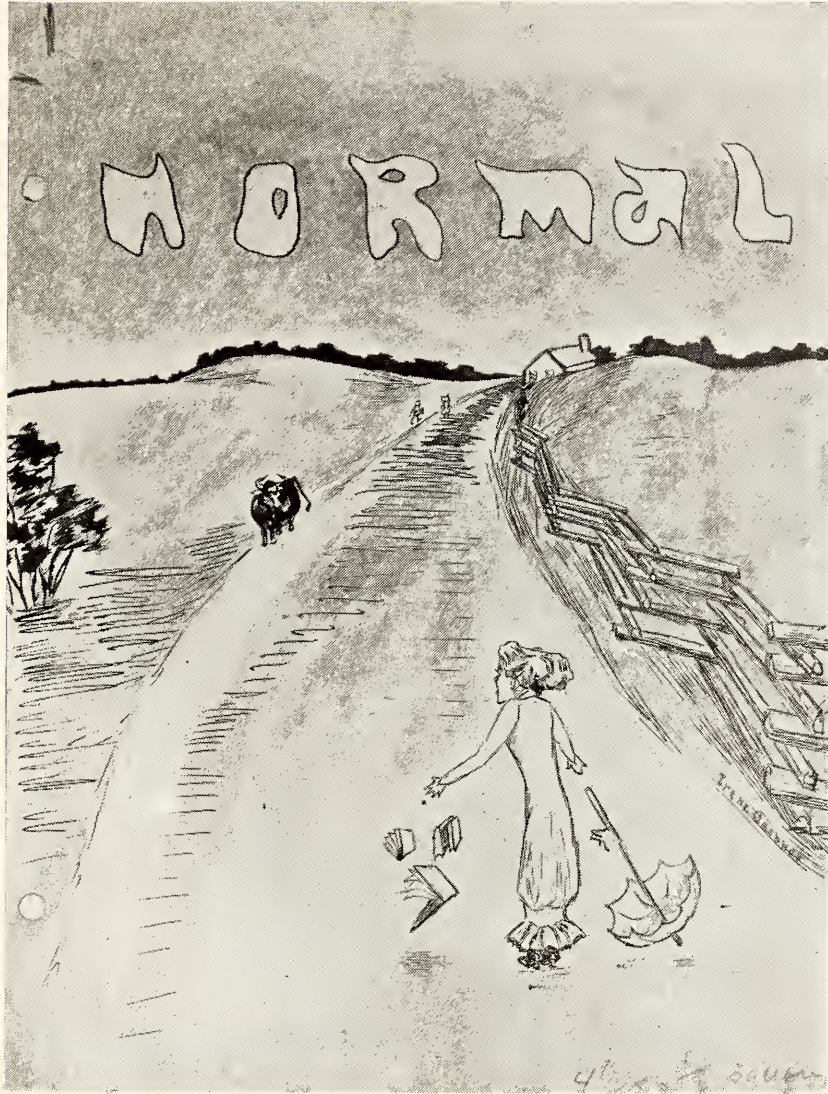


that, for, as I live, I believe its a piece of red ribbon. Guess that is the latest Jacksonville hair dress.

It certainly is getting dark. Guess its almost time for some Hash. Wonder who that girl is in the distance? Guess she has just returned from town. Bless me, if she hasn't a dunce cap on her head. No, it isn't either, it's a mule hat,—the kind you see mules wearing in the summer. And look, there is a long black feather tacked on the back. Surely a mule hat isn't decorated that way—all I ever saw were just plain. Why, how stupid of me. It isn't a mule hat at all, it's the new "Ting-a-ling".



Beryl Harrison, '15.



Senior Normal Class Prophecies

LUCILLE STANLEY MITCHELL.



With an L. I. and A. B. degree from the Florida State College for Women, Lucile Stanley Mitchell ambitiously makes her way to Radcliffe College. She misses the charm of southern climes, but becomes so deeply interested in Ethnology, that she spends several years in close application to this subject. When the Doctor's degree is conferred upon her, her thesis attracts the attention of a young professor at Harvard. A romance follows, that ends in marriage, and together the ambitious pair travel over the plains of America to study the Indian tribes. Nor is their research limited to America, for they visit the snow-fields of Alaska, the wilds of Siberia, and finally the forests and lake shores of Africa. Surely the world will profit from the account of their travels which may be found in **Phantas Magoria** magazine. The last issue of the magazine gives an account of Dr. and Mrs. Hogarth's (Hogarth being their name) discovery of the missing link. Behold the wonder!



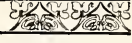


LILLA STATIRA SIMS.

"See the grand impersonator, Miss Lilla Statira Sims in the Genoese Opera House at 8:30 this evening!" yelled a newsboy on the streets of Omaha. I had just reached the city on my westward journey when this message reached my ears. What a natural calling for my friend! for did I not recall the fun of years ago, when Lilla enlivened our busy study periods with occasional impersonations? From the President to the mail carrier, she could "take them off" in such a manner that every girl in the suite gave encore after encore. Of course I went to the Genoese Opera House. Could that tall queenly figure be the same Lilla? I doubted no longer when a familiar saying of a former Professor, "Oh, well, I do not think so," came to my ears.

Her successful career could not be doubted when I saw the size and personnel of the audience, and heard the entire performance. My gifted friend had developed into a genuine artist, but the memoirs of her school days came out in occasional old familiar sayings.



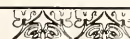


RUTH HOLMES OTWELL.

Where shall we find her in the coming years? On a busy street of Philadelphia in the spacious offices of the **Otwell Publishing Company**, we see her in the private study, for her genius could be satisfied only in the editorial work. She has passed a long apprenticeship as assistant editor of **The Phantas Magoria**, a magazine published monthly; but its popularity became so great that Miss Otwell ventured to assume complete control of the publication. It is devoted to the advancement of science, and the editor herself does considerable research work in this line. Her latest investigations have resulted in some remarkable discoveries upon "How to Keep Protoplasmic Cells Limpid." It is said this article alone increased the number of the magazine subscriptions by eighty thousand.



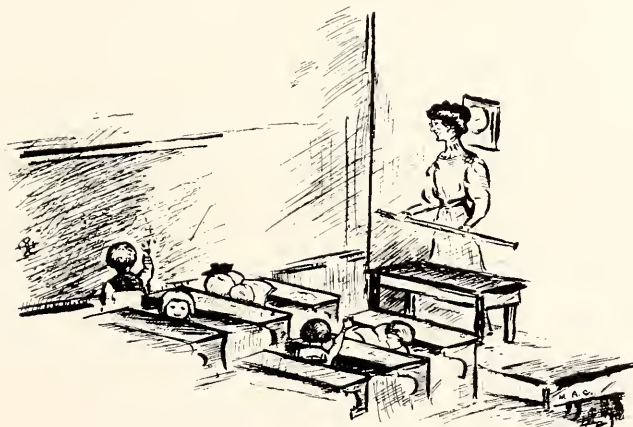
Busily engaged in writing
an article, "How to Keep
Protoplasmic Cells Limpid."



MATTIE AGNES YENT.

"Go West! young woman, go west!" were the last words of one of those chapel visitors in 1911. One of our class has remembered this advice and has become an accomplished primary teacher in Portland, of the far west. It is said that her equal can not be found. In teaching, in discipline, in community life, and in character-building she is the peer of Oregon. Take a peep into her class-room. See the busy little people at their desks! Occasional mischievous "freaks" are in the class, and only a competent person like Agnes Yent can know just what to do. She applies the same principles taught in 1911, but twenty years have greatly changed the methods she once learned.

Besides her practical experience, Agnes has contributed to the world's knowledge of the profession by writing several books on pedagogical subjects.





MAMIE ELIZABETH SIMS.

In this vision of the future may be seen a pretty cottage home enbowered in roses. In front of it, adorned with graceful elms, is a lawn which borders upon the sidewalk of a residence street in Montgomery, Alabama. Upon knocking at the door who should greet the comers but our modest, charming classmate of 1911, Mamie Sims, now Mrs. R—, and mistress of this beautiful home. The daintily furnished rooms give evidence of that exquisite skill and taste, which Mamie was wont to show in Home Economics. The carefully selected library shows that her literary tastes have not been neglected; nor can one, who looks into her smiling face doubt that her place as a model homekeeper is one of supreme happiness.



IRMA NICHOLSON WILLIAMS.

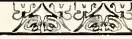
At thirty.

To become a skillful librarian is the supreme desire of Irma Williams, and after several years of training in Boston she takes charge of the Brockden Brown Library at Denver, Colorado. You can see her any day standing behind her desk, always ready to give assistance to the most indifferent visitor, or the most eager student among her throngs of readers.

At sixty.

Irma's character grows more beautiful with age. At sixty she no longer serves the reading public in the busy library, but in her retired life she still wields a far-reaching influence as the National President of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her girlish fondness for cats is still manifest, and on a quiet afternoon, you can see her seated in a comfortable chair with the sunlight on her white hair, with several favorite pets about her.





ESTELLE JONES.

About the year 1931 summer visitors among the Adirondack mountains are attracted to a popular boarding house built high upon the mountain slope. It overlooks a lovely valley, dotted with small farm houses, patches of woodland and numerous lakes. Upon the broad verandas you can see groups of jolly summer boarders and hear the sound of joke and laughter nearly all the day. Who comes out to ring the dinner bell? None other than the estimable proprietor,—our old friend, Estelle Jones. Altho her house has its retinue of servants, it is a “pet notion” of hers to call the guests to dinner with her own ringing of the bell. The years have changed her but little; only a few additional pounds of avoirdupois, and an occasional streak of silver in her brown hair. She is the life of “Cedar Ledge”, her popular resort.

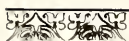




ANGELINE YENT.

Full twenty years have passed since Angeline wielded Indian Clubs in the gymnasium on the slope of College Hill. She is now the national organizer of the American Athletic Association for Women, and delivers addresses on physical training, that hold the attention of vast audiences. She demonstrates so thoroughly how old women may become young, how awkward women become graceful, and how plain women become beautiful, that she has a host of followers wherever she goes. In the various cities of this country she organizes out-door clubs for young women, and some of her devotees hold the championship of the nation in Swimming Contests, Golf, Field Hockey, Basket Ball and Tennis. She always traces the beginning of her inspiration to her physical training in 1911 at the Florida State College for Women.





Junior Normal Class

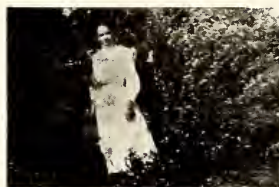
Motto:—Trust not to appearances.

Flower:—Mareschal Niel Rose.

Colors:—Light Blue and Gold.

Class Officers.

President.....	Pearl Warren
Vice-President.....	Ruby Adams
Secretary.....	Ruby Inman
Treasurer.....	Sarah Ferguson
Historian.....	Gladys Morse



Class Roll.

Ruby Adams

Sarah Ferguson

Ruby Inman

Gladys Morse

Pearl Warren



EDITORIAL

To write an editorial that would represent such an important and select class as that of the Junior normal, would be beyond the ability of an ordinary author. There are only five who have gained admittance to our class. But by the request of the Faculty and a number of the students, we have permitted the Sub-Freshman class to join us in some of our studies, and we have extended this privilege to the Senior Kindergarten class in Nature Study, and the Junior Kindergarten in Psychology.

Each member of this class is noted for various attainments. Herculean tasks in Latin, Geometry, and Psychology have been performed by us with perfect ease. The class as a whole, is recognized all over the campus by faculty and students to be authority on information concerning all insects, trees, ferns, flowers, and birds, which are characteristic of Leon County. We are calmly waiting for 1912, when we shall have the honor of an L. I. degree thrusts upon us, and go out in the State to display our knowledge to the youth of Florida.

JUST WAIT!!





Sophomore Normal Class

Motto:—"Live and learn."

Colors:—Purple and Green.

Flower:—Violet.

Class Officers.

Contance Bishop	President
Mary Tucker	Vice President
Mary Fones	Secretary
Mary Lester	Treasurer
Ruth Smith	Historian

Class Roll.

Johnsie Aldridge	Nelle Jones
Alga Alligood	Mary Lester
Gerardine Anderson	Beulah McMillan
Constance Bishop	Flossie Myers
Bessie Crane	Annie Platt
Roxana Cox	Ruth Smith
Erin Duke	Ettie Thompson
Steele Edmunds	Mary Tucker
Mary Fones	Mary Turner
Mary Hall	Bessie Waggener
Connie Hancock	Edna Witham

The Sophomore Picnic

The Sophomore class were getting ready for a picnic at Lake Bradford. They had worked so faithfully in the laboratory all the year, that Mr. Barber had promised to chaperon them on this trip without requiring notes, and specimens in the day's program. Dr. Conradi (hearing of their remarkable records and of their quiet behavior thru so many trying weeks), had granted them permission to be gone until sundown. So the "Hall" resounded with merry voices, calling out to one another.

"Say, Jerry, have we plenty of lunch for both dinner and supper, and four or five sandwiches and five pickles apiece between meals?"

Now, "Jerry" was Ander's(s)on, a tall good looking fellow about seventeen years of age; but being a double cousin to one of the girls, and distantly related to Mr. Barber, had obtained permission to go "With am". Accordingly he came up to the "Hall."

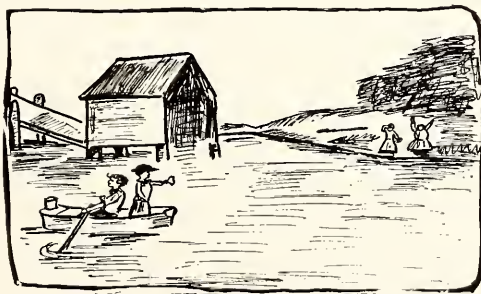
"Why don't those conveyances come on? The 'Waggeners' seem to think we can afford to lose two hours of our precious holiday", said Nelle Jones.

"Yes," said Erin, "and they don't even consider the extra half-hour it takes to climb that 'Auld ridge' of scrub oak land this side of Lake Bradford. But yonder come the 'Waggeners'! Come on, girls."

"Listen to the grand 'Duke's' order," called out Nelle with arched brows and a suppressed giggle, as she climbed into the first wagon.

Connie Hancock got in last and waved at the envious girls looking after them as the teams moved off. An hour's jolly ride brought them to the beautiful lake.

"Say, Kids," said Constance, "Mr. Barber said we needn't even look at a bird unless we wanted to, but since you don't have to 'write it up', do look yonder at that tall 'Crane' in the water."



One of the three Marys informed the crowd that Miss Nellie Bassett had kindly offered the use of her bungalow for the day, and had also loaned them her row-boat. You may know the boat was soon brought out.

"Don't rush so, girls," said Connie, "Get in from the boathouse steps or you will 'Myer' down in that mud." Recent rains had made the shore muddy, but in their eagerness, before Mr. Barber knew what was taking place, several girls were stuck in the mud.

"Beulah 'Myers' down deepest of all because of her extra avoirdupois," said Johnsie.

"Now that's a shame," cried Alga, "to think Roxana and half a dozen others got off in the boat and we are stuck here."

"Never mind," said Annie, "Jerry has to pull you out."

"Glory!" replied Alga, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

All at once a scream came in from the boat.

"Help! help!" yelled Edna, "One of the 'Steele' bands that bound the boat gave way, and we shall drown!"

"Sit still," said Mary Turner, "Maybe the 'Smith' can mend it. "Great Heavens!" she gasped,—for in a paroxysm of fear, Roxana had jumped overboard.



Mr. Barber had to practice the "high dive" in great haste, and finally dragged the girl in to shore. The girls rowed slowly in, and with the assistance of Jerry, carried the fainting Roxana into the bungalow.

"Go ring the 'Fones' and call the doctor!" cried a chorus of voices. "Put her on the bed and 'Tuck (h)er' in! 'Turn (h)er' over and beat her on the back!"

After a vigorous pounding Roxana slowly opened her eyes. "Is the 'Bishop' here?" she inquired faintly, "Ask him to pray that I may recover in time to have my share of the lunch."

"Well, this is the worst ever," said the "Bishop" who had stepped forward with bowed head.

The girls proceeded to comb our Roxana's dripping locks, and arrange them in a long "Platt" down her back.

By this time Mary Tucker and Steele Edmunds had spread the lunch.

"Mary L, you get some water from the lake," said Beulah, and the healthy Mary touched the shore cautiously 'Lest (h)er' fate should be equal to that of her friend.

Such a dinner as they had! Just as they sat down, "Thom's(s)on," who lived near by, brought in a plate of fried fish.

"Mother seen you drive by", said he, "and seein' the 'Bishop' in the gang sent this fish over for you to have a bite of our latest ketch." Whereupon the "Bishop" returned thanks with unusual fervor.

"All(i)good' and well!" echoed Ruth.

Promptly at sundown the "Waggeners" drove up to the college "Hall", and the Sophomore Class hurried into supper as if they had not had a morsel of food all day.

"This has been an eventful day", said Mr. Barber as he bade the last one good-night. And as they went home, Jerry heard him breathe a deep sigh of relief.



Freshman Normal Class

Motto :—"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star."

Colors :—Navy Blue and White.

Flower :—White Carnation.

Officers.

Mamie Goethe	President
Fannie McClenmy	Vice President
Lucile Manning	Secretary
Myrtle Morgan	Treasurer

Class Roll.

Dennie Baggett	Stella Metcalf
Louise Bonniwell	Mary Miller
Addie Cobb	Myrtle Morgan
Eileen Cook	Fannie McClenmy
Gladys Crawford	Thelma Monroe
Leonora Frier	Varina Monroe
Claire Farmer	Barbara Parkhill
Mamie Goethe	Maud Sever
Ethel Hart	Mary Taylor
Helen Healy	Laurie Vining
Ruby Johnson	Orrie Watts
Sarah Lester	Clara Williams
Lucile Manning	



Characters of the Freshman Class

Has this Freshman Class a record?
Let us turn to them and see,
And I think that we shall find
They're as bright as they can be.

They are not so far advanced,
But they wish to do their part;
And you know they will succeed
With a brave and fearless "Hart."

At the opening of the year,
Who could wish for prospects fairer,
When the news came with a shock,
Of the marriage of their "Clara."

In the composition planning,
Who's the best one taking dots,
From the various discussions?
Just inquire of "Orrie Watts."

The Domestic Science Classes
Often cast a backward look,
For they envy us our "Frier"
And our jolly, faithful "Cook."

We've a quiet little girl,
Yes, a quiet one, (if any);
Her eyes are softly brown
And her last name is "McClenny."

We have all the fun we want
But we scorn to have a jester,
But we're proud of all the grades
Of our earnest "Sarah Lester."

When we have a work to do,
"Lucile" always does the planning,
For we feel our schemes are safe,
When they have such skillful "Manning."

We can always give you light,
For you know "Stella" means a star,
And with brilliant "Ruby" too,
You can just see where we are.

"Gladys" full of life and laughter,
Is generous, too, you know;
And "Barbara's" smile is sunshine,
Wherever she may go.

"Mamie Goethe" is our President,
And a splendid one is she,
And the one who draws the best,
Is our lively "Mary T."

There's a "Cobb" within our midst,
Her speech is really clever;
But for dignity and ease
There is no one like our "Sever."

Sweet and gentle "Myrtle Morgan,"
Large and handsome "Lady Claire,"
With their movements quick and active
Make a most impressive pair.

Once a year we go a Maying,
And with graceful fingers twining
Leaves, and wild flowers into wreaths
Is our smiling "Laurie Vining."

There is "Helen," strong and thoughtful,
"For your thoughts now here's a penny,
Oh! we were just preparing
To introduce our "Dennie."

When the teacher leaves the room,
And we freely get to talking,
Someone often guards the door,
Just to listen for her walking (?)

Then with sparkling eyes so cheery,
Who the merriest joke can tell?
You would know her by her gladness,
It is "Louise Bonniwell."

Two new students came in late,
Distant "kin" to James Monroe;
Last a "jolly Miller" follows,
To bring up this classic row.



Teachers' Review Class

Motto:—"Live Pure, Speak True, Right Wrong."

Colors:—Lavender and Gold.

Flower:—Pansy.

Class Officers.

Minnie Russell	President
Grace Fern Gibbs.....	Vice President
Estelle Patterson	Secretary
Laura Kemp	Treasurer
Frances Laughinghouse	Historian

Class Roll.

Sylva Booth	Cassaleta Locklar
Trudie Bassett	Gladys Magruder
Margaret Cobb	Katherine O'Brien
Bertha Froscher	Alma O'Guin
Grace Fern Gibbs	Estelle Patterson
Ruby Hall	Minnie Russel
Ruby Hendry	Marion Snowden
Bertha Henderson	Bessie Stokes
Grace Hinton	Maggie Smith
Laura Kemp	Mattie Lou Watts
Frances Laughinghouse	Carrie Wilson
Mary Lou Leonard	Mabel Wise
Sudie Leonard	



Class Poem

In nineteen ten there came a class,
Composed of brilliant girls;
A studious, jolly set are they,
With knowledge fit for earls.

Some are tall, others short,
Some are lean and lank;
We "have 'em" here all sizes,
But not a single crank.

Some take music, some take art,
And some take history;
But for all their open candor,
Some remain a mystery.

Once this class called a meeting,
Officers to elect,
And after much debating,
Wise ones did select.

Then to choose their colors,
(That custom good and old)
They all spoke up at once,
For lavender and gold.

From all the world of flowers,
Now, which one should they choose?
The modest little pansy,
With royal purple hues.

And then to choose a motto,
With inspiration strong,
From a famous English poet—
"Live pure, speak true, right wrong."

This class a noble purpose has;
It is that of teaching;
But upon examination time,
Their looks are quite beseeching.

Their jokes are quite a caution,
For at one time some one said,
When speaking of a sick man,
He was "ill," then "worse," then "dead."

On history dates they're splendid,
Never making a mistake;
But on agriculture, ignorant,
Scarcely knowing hoe from rake.

"What are properties of verbs?"
Some one answered "Conjugation!"
Said another, "They're comparison!"
What a conglomeration.

"A volcano is a wonder,"
Said a bright girl, looking down,
"To define it—I can just say—
'Tis a great hole in the ground."

Said the teacher, "Down on Panama
They're digging a canal;
Can you tell me now who owns it?"
"Yes, sir, Teddy," said an honest little girl.

We're devoted to our Dean,
For we think he's very fine;
But when he's disappointed
He has an awful time.

When his blackboards get erased,
Then our Dean gets up his "ire,"
And if you watch his face,
You'll see his eyes flash fire.

But the teachers' class is growing,
Full two dozen on their roll,
But in June each goes away,
Bearing lavender and gold.

MODEL



SCHOOL



A Striking Contrast

The day was warm and sunny in the month of October, and the sun's rays were slanting through a window over the ruffled brown head of a young man working laboriously on an old typewriter. This little picture was in the office of a young and flourishing Southern College, and the man of the scene was a busy personage indeed. One could easily sympathize with him as he pounded away, with his brow wrinkled and frowns gathering over the intelligent face. And there! without warning the spindle-legged table fell to the floor under the weight of the machine.

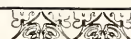
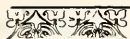
The poor fellow jumped up from his chair and began pacing the floor, and as he surveyed the piles of bills and papers lying on the table, every one of which had to be type-written and filed with his signature, he exclaimed, "Yes, it's this way always. There is the President, 'must have these letters to-day. They are very important and should leave on the next mail.' I must have a good machine, a substantial table and a few other conveniences, or I'll quit my job! But no, I don't believe they could get a better man anywhere—I suppose I'll have to stay," he said in a resigned voice as he fumbled among the books and papers on his desk to find a pen.

"The work will all have to be finished with pen and ink, I guess." Luckily the pen was there, and in his eagerness caught up that article, and snatched an old mis-used ink bottle from a pigeon-hole in his desk. But poor fellow, he was doomed to further exasperation. I told you so! There goes the pen flying out of his clumsy fingers, and rolls slowly across the floor, under a rusty iron safe in the corner of the room.

At this critical period it would be well to give some idea of that office, in which this business-like fellow labored under so many difficulties. It's really wonderful how that office could hold together! Occasional drops of rain fell through the ceiling and blurred the important papers lying on the desk. And that desk itself was badly in need of repair. It's very easy to see why his pen rolled along the floor, because the slant was perceptible even to the most near-sighted person. In one corner of the room were the rusty yellow letter-files, and two chairs of doubtful durability stood sedately in the back of the room. Along the front was the cashier's window, where the girl's came to pay their fees, and make repeated demands for brooms and dust pans. The shelf of the window was carved and illustrated with queer drawings and etchings of graceful lady heads and baldheaded professors, and more in evidence than anything else, those time-worn carved initials. But "pardon this digression," for we had almost forgotten our young man.

After scrambling for his lost pen and knocking his head on a shelf, he emerged from this place very red in the face.

Ye Gods, this very day when the gong for four o'clock sounds I shall resign, for how can any man transact business under such trying conditions? And yet," he suddenly cried out, "how could this place make any progress without me? How can I, who have been Secretary of the House of Representatives of the State of Florida, Secretary of the Florida Educational Association, Secretary of the Board of Control, Secretary of the Florida State College for Women, and even Secretary of a by-gone baseball team in my boyhood days, how can I, I say, leave this weak school to struggle in obscurity without my assistance?" His emotions became more complex, and tears of pride rolled slowly down his cheeks.



It was uncomfortably warm for the next two weeks, and almost every day the same monotony prevailed. According to his nature the man was never idle, and now he was making out some bills and counting piles of money.

"Cash is pretty low, guess these bills will bring it in tho'. These country people are wonderfully prompt about returning the money, anyhow. They are not so bad off, at all." He stopped suddenly and listened for a noise he had heard. Yes, there was some one knocking!

"Why, what a pleasure this is, come right in and take a seat," and he bustled about the room, bringing a chair and pulling down the shades to make it restful for the feminine visitor's eyes.

"Just stand up a moment and I'll dust that chair for you, Ma'am." Slowly his face grew red, as he hunted frantically for the duster.

"Oh, sir, do not worry about the dust, every room has its share of that; but I wanted to say"—horrors, the poor chair slowly subsided under its healthy weight, and sadly but firmly she was seated on the floor.

"J - -, oh, I'm so sorry," and in consternation he rushed up to give aid. But the lady waived him off disdainfully, and extricating herself from the chair, marched out of the room without a word, head erect and face flaming.

Just then the telephone chimed in with an inquisitive note, and the man snatched up the receiver.

"Hello, hello! yes! You say your name is Abraham Sawyer? Yes, I understand,—well, what do you want? I know your name by this time I hope. Want your daughter to come home on the next train? Well, give your reasons, please,—reasons, I say! Complaints of hard work? (it's precious little studying that girl does). Well, she shall come home on the very next train then, good-bye," and he hung up the receiver with a clang, muttering to himself, "Anything to get rid of his talk!"

"Oh, Sam, you Sam, come here!" and he looked out of the window to see the miscreant colored man. No answer. "Well, guess it's up to me to find him, it's always my lot to hunt every inch of this campus for that nigger!" It was a whole hour before our friend found Sam, singing "Mah honey chile," scrubbing away on the floor of the Domestic Science kitchen.

"Yassah, yassah, what you wish, Massa? git a kerrige? Mah flo's not clean yit, jes' lemme finish dis here end."

"There, will you obey orders, Sam? Now go, and go in a hurry, too."

Sam went—rubbing his head in a dazed way and muttering brokenly to himself: "I decla'h, Massa he do be in one hurry dis mawnin'."

"Lawd, I'se a comin', comin', comin' naow,
All ye his Saints,
I'se a comin', comin', naow."

And the echoes of the old negro hymn came to the ears of the man busy at his work in the office, after he had picked up the remains of the broken chair and stowed them carefully away in a dark closet in the hall.

"There'll come a time, if I know who I am, when I'll have no such chasing to do. We need a call system, and it's up to me to push it through," he said, and just as he was about to close the office door for the night, he came face to face with a tall farmer. With one hand the man respectfully lifted his big straw hat, while in the other he had a pound of butter.

"Good evenin', I'm sho' glad ter see you lookin' so well. Reekon 'twere that last batch of butter I sold you. Haw, haw! Now say, didn't them girls in your dinin' room like it tho'?" Our friend smiled and replied, "Yes, indeed, they liked it so well that it disappeared like hot cakes! I could smell Butter-scotch cooking when I walked past the dormitory last night."



“But this here butter I’ve got to-day is jes Jim-dandy. I tell you she’s equal to the honey bee in May, haw, haw!!” and the farmer went away satisfied, after receiving an order for thirty pounds of butter.

Such are the complete duties of a Secretary and Business Manager of a new College. Fortunately, our friend was a young man of unusual energy and fine business habits, so that he was destined to bring order out of chaos before many years could pass.

* * * *

Five years have passed. In place of that shabby building with its shabbier office, there stands an imposing brick structure of three stories and a basement. On the second floor, reached by a flight of marble stairs, is a handsome suite of rooms. In these rooms are the office quarters, and over this, the Hon. J. G. holds unlimited sway. But is this strong commanding bachelor in the white vest our same young man of by-gone years? Yes, it is true. He has assumed years as well as flesh, yet they become him very well. He looks satisfied. Yes, for why should he not? Take a peep into his imposing suite of rooms. There is the main room with its beautiful walls, official seals in frames, and a ponderous business-like desks with mission chairs to match. There is a new typewriter on a table conveniently near the desk, also, and the wood floor shines forth its menace to any but a careful pedestrian. A complex series of grated windows, before which the girls appear in orderly files to pay their bills, gazes imposingly at any person who enters. At one window is a clerk to attend to the laundry fees, at another is one who receives payment for board, and still at another a clerk keeps record of all absentees. Walled cabinets and book-cases and private drawers are carefully arranged against the walls of this spacious office. On one desk is a series of buttons to which are attached electric bells which connect the office with every part of the Campus. No more chasing the colored workmen over the extensive grounds. On the contrary, when button one is touched the grinning face of Sam appears. Button two brings Tom and others, until the complacent office manager is able to dispatch business with wonderful rapidity.

But there is next to the main room a well furnished private office with a Brussels carpet and beautiful furniture and pictures. The Hon. J. G. sits in his desk chair now and gazes with satisfaction on his surroundings. And looking out of the large bay window, he sees in the blue sky an eagle, circling slowly southward. He compares his own life to that of the great bird. Yes, he started life in small weak circles, and those circles kept growing stronger and wider, ever bearing him toward success—he grows drowsy and finally he sleeps—not from misfortune and anger, but from pure joy of achievement.

R. H. O.



KLINDER GARTEN

Senior Class

Officers.

Mary Fries	President
Marcella McLean	Vice-President
Sarah Verdery	Secretary and Treasurer
Lillian Page	Prophet

Motto:—"Activity alone can bring and hold sincerity and happiness."

Flower:—Sweet Pea.

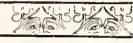
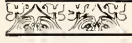
Colors:—Lavendar and Violet.



MARY WYATT FRIES.

"To those who know thee, know all words are faint."

X. Ω. Thalian; Vice-Pres. Jr. Class.
President Senior Class; Staff Artist,
'10, '11.



MARCELLA McLEAN.

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

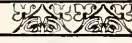
L. I. '10, Vice-Pres. Sr. Class; Thalian; Sec. of Thalian, '10, '11; Y. W. C. A.



SARA HULL VERDERY.

"What is yours is mine, and all mine is yours."

X. Ω. Y. W. C. A.; Thalian; Pres. Jr. Class.



LILLIAN PAGE.

“Love me little, love me long.”

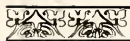
A. Δ. Φ. Y. W. C. A.; Thalian; Class
Historian.

ARABEL HOPKINS.

“She doeth little kindnesses which
most leave undone.”

X. Ω.; Thalian; Rep. in Student
Body Com.





BLY PICKETT.

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."

Y. W. C. A.; Thalian.



JESSIE TOMLINSON.

"To her—" all nature wears one universal grin."

Y. W. C. A.; Minerva Club.

Kindergarten Seniors Ten Years Hence

The summer of 1921 had rolled around. The Kindergartens of Los Angeles had all closed and every one was preparing for a happy vacation.

The morning of June 20th had been set for my wedding. Naturally it was an eventful day for me. At ten o'clock we started on our honeymoon in one of Bright Brothers newly modeled aeroplanes. We traveled very swiftly for we reached St. Louis in time for dinner. As we entered the dining room of one of the hotels, the waiter led us to a table at which a woman was seated.

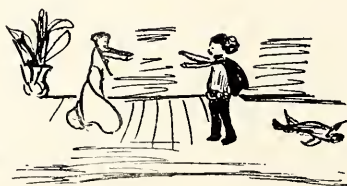
Her face looked strangely familiar; but who was it? She looked at me and I looked at her. Then she said, "Lillian Page, where did you come from?" It was Marcella McLean and no other. Marcella looked very much as she did in those days at the Florida State College for Women. Few wrinkles marred her face and only a few grey hairs

could be seen on her temples. We talked fast. She told me that she was now holding a position as Kindergarten instructor of a big training school in St. Louis—something she had never dreamed of in College days.

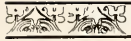
Soon we left for Detroit. We were tired when we reached there, but not too tired to go to the theatre. Now whom do you think we saw on the stage? Mary Wyatt Fries! She had become a great actress and was stirring this season in the plays of high tragedy. She was playing Juliet to Forbes Robertson's Romeo.



I could not believe this was the Mary who had always loved solitude and longed to live by the water.



Such queer things do happen! The next place we went was New York. We stopped at the Waldorf Astoria and to my great surprise, I found a swell



banquet being given by my old classmate Bly Pickett. Bly had married a rich broker on Wall Street and was one of the leaders of society. She had changed much in the last ten years. She had lost her youthful slenderness and had gained the corpulency of middle age. We talked for some time together. She told me that if I would visit Columbia University I would find our old friend Sara.

I went to Columbia and sure enough, there was Sara Verdery studying for her Ph. D. She was as full of life as ever. She told me she had not yet reached the height of her ambition, but would in about two weeks, when she would marry a noted professional football player.

It was July the 10th, before we reached London. The first evening there we spent quietly reading the papers and planning the remainder of our trip.

I picked up a London Times and glanced through its columns in a listless manner. Suddenly I read these words: "Madam Jesimine Tomlinson, the world's greatest singer, will appear to-night. The greatest thing of the season is in store for you." Jessamine

Tomlinson! Where had I heard that name? I decided right then that I would hear the Prima Donna. That night when she gave her first number I immediately recognized our old Florida friend Jessie Tomlinson. What a wonder she had become!

From London we went to various places in Europe and then to Asia. I had several letters from Arabel Hopkins and knew that I would find her a missionary in Pekin. I



did not let her know I was coming, for I wanted to see if she was teaching Kindergarten scientifically, and if she had made practical all those psychological principles Miss Wheeler had drilled into our heads. I found her in a Kindergarten with forty little Chinese children. She was getting along splendidly and was as happy as could be. Arabel had changed considerably. She had discarded her frills, furbelows and rats, and was dressed plainly and simply with her hair done in a small knot on her head.

I could not believe this was Arabel, who five years ago had achieved great feats as an automobilist and had won the ——— cup at the races on Daytona Beach, Florida.



This was our last stop. I had seen every member of our class of 1911. I was bewildered by the strange fortunes to which we had all attained. Many of us had entered entirely different fields of work from those we had intended when we left our Alma Mater.

Memories of "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine," came floating over me. But, I was filled with delight to know that every one of that dear old class of 1911 thought in 1921 that she was the happiest girl in the world.

Prophet.





Junior Class

Motto:—Let us row, not drift.

Colors:—Pink and Green.

Flower:—Pink Duchesse Rose.

Officers.

Corinne Finley	President
Hallie Ley	Vice-President
Francis Chambers.....	Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll.

Francis Chambers.

Halley Ley.

Rosa Yon.

Mattie Bryan.

Orlena Lewis.

Corinne Finley.





A Modern Bluebeard

I had a vision when the night was late.
A maid came riding toward a college gate,
She wore a pompadour that reached the skies,
A ding-bat hat that covered up her eyes;
And from the college came a man so thin
And took her by the curls and led her in,
Where sat a company with faces grave,
In council, how to make the maid behave;
A dreary look did on their faces light,—
As dreary as the average bedroom light,
Where for a “stunt” we vainly try to dress,
And really wish to look our very best.—
Their eyes were dim, but somewhere I’ve been told
That through a maid they all can look a hole.
Then methought I heard a hollow sound,
The like of which has never yet been found
Bringing dim destruction in its tone,
Freezing the poor maiden to the bone,
Causing every flippant thought to fly,
Every foolish dream to quickly die.
They who heard it slowly safely sighed,
Vainly seeking all their fears to hide,
Bowed their heads and meekly made reply,
Knowing well the power that was nigh.
Then the maiden raised her timid eye,
Filled with wonder, fear, and mad surprise.
And she saw this awful sound had meant
That she stood before the President.
In a hollow voice he slowly spoke,
Just as if each moment he would choke :—
“Wrinkled colleagues, grim and thin,
Here’s a victim in your path;
Take this maid and lead her in,
Stuff her brains with mouldy matter—

Clammy Classics waning fast,
Lonesome Latin, gruesome Greek,
Pile them on until the last,
’Till her cranium fain would squeak.



Give her German, give her French,
History and Physics, too.
Make this poor benighted wench
Wise as Socrates and you.

I am old, but let me rule!
Bring me maids from far and near!
Every one in this whole school
I hold precious, I hold dear.

Fundamental truths I teach,
Logic and Psychology,
Ethics also I can reach,
And all Greek Anthology.

Take her now, and quickly go!
Just to finish up her doom.
Hurry up! and don't be slow!
Take her to the dining room!!"

The patient man who was so far from stout,
Now seized the maidens curls and led her out.
The room grew still, as still as are the dead,
Each man assembled slowly dropped his head.
Years rolled by, but patiently they wait
To seize the next poor maiden at the gate.

E. P., '10.







Roll of Expression Students

Mrs. Balch

Nora Hart

Eloise McGriffe

Beryl Harrison

Caddobelle Farr

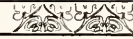
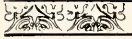
Blanche Glenn

Ruth Austin

Annie Treadwell

Fern Gibbs

Katie Barrs



Of hours and hours of practice long,
Of breathing that's always deep and strong,
Sing to my listing ear, Oh muse,
And teach us our muddled brains to use.

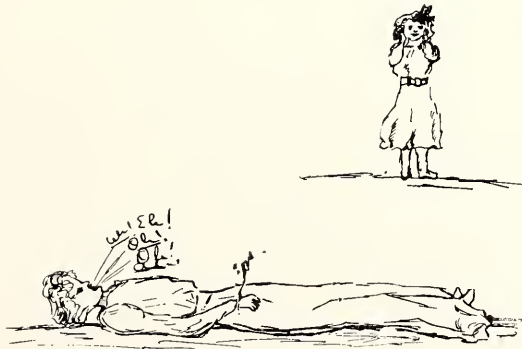


The teacher that's ever prim and small,
Into our trembling hearts can call,
Such terror for work left undone,
Of courage remaining to us, there's none.

"Ah! Ah!" with using inflection we say,
In our diaphragm try hard to breathe,
Aquestioning "Aye" and decided "nay,"
"Arise! Arise!" in different pitch we wreathe.

Flat on the floor sometimes we lie,
Frightening our roommates with our cry,
To be natural with all our power we try,
All in vain, they think we're about to die.

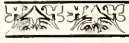
N. H.





ART





Specials

Alga Allgood
Christine Alsobrooke
Helen Carter
Nancy Choate

Eileen Cook
Agnes Granberry
Estelle Jones
Cornelia Leffler

Frances Kyle
Muriel Rose
Fanny Watson
Irma Williams

Normals

Johnsie Aldridge
Gerardine Anderson
Ruby Adams
Louise Bonniwell
Mattie Bryan
Dennie Baggett
Sylvia Booth
Frances Chambers
Roxana Cox
Erin Duke
Steele Edmunds
Corinne Finley
Bertha Frosche
Sarah Ferguson
Leonora Fryer
Mary Fries
Irene Gardiner
Fern Gibbs
Ruby Hall
Mary Wise

Mary Hall
Connie Hancock
Arabel Hopkins
Ruby Inman
Laura Kemp
Mary Lester
Sarah Lester
Hallie Ley
Orlena Lewis
Frances Laughinghouse
Sudie Leonard
Mary Lou Leonard
Gladys Morse
Flossie Myers
Stella Metcalfe
Lucile Manning
Mary Miller
Myrtle Morgan
Fanny McClenney
Edna Witham

Thelma Munroe
Varina Munroe
Catherine O'Brian
Lillian Page
Bly Pickett
Barbara Parkhill
Estelle Patterson
Alma O'Guin
Minnie Russell
Ruth Smith
Bessie Stokes
Jessie Tomlinson
Mary Tucker
Mary Turner
Annie Treadwell
Sarah Verdery
Laurie Vining
Pearl Warren
Orrie Watts
Rosa Yawn

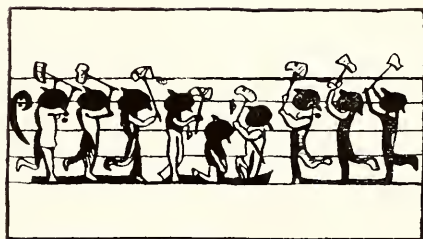


I. Gardner.



C-5C3

-12F3-1A3PFD



Mattie May and Her "Helpers"

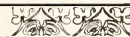


Music Roll—Piano

Lena Barber
Bess Buchanan
Nannie Reese
Mattie Mae Willoford
Olive Petty
Virginia Kyle
Bertha Getch
Angelica Yonge
Helen Alford
Lulu Balch
Myrtle Balch
Constance Bishop
Joe Berta Bryan
Clara Carlton
Eugenia Carter
Mamie Goethe
Clarine Hoytt
Sallie Redd Isbell
Maggie Johnson
Lucile Manning
Margaret Merchant
Ruth McIlvaine
Pearl Nicholson
Eugenia Nolan
Maud Sever
Addie Stewart
Sara Verdery
Mildred Woodard
Anne Mae Williams
Lenora Frier
Bessie Van Brunt
Katie Barrs
Hazel Hough
Gladys Graham
Ruth Austin
Orrie Watts
Ruby Henry

Lillias Coolin
Mary Fries
Mary Miller
Edna Williams
Ruth Goethe
Jessie Tomlinson
Gladys Crawford
Mrs. Gunter
Mary Hall
Bessie Eddy
Beulah McMillan
Nellie Jones
Essie Winn
Lude Fryer
Fanny McClenny
Ethel Hart
Beulah Braswell
Mary Turner
Frances Laughinghouse
Nellie Legg
Christine Alsobrooke
Catherine O'Brien
Ruby Bird
Margaret Bradford
Eva Ballard
Bernard Byrd
Elizabeth Conradi
Constance Cavel
Eva Deen
Ruth Doig
Dell Hartt
Constance Jacobie
Lulu Dee Keith
Blanche Pattishall
Elizabeth Stewart
Helen Saxon
Gertrude Levy

E. Peck Green
Louise Bonniwell
Virginia Tiller
Ruby McLin
Ruby Duval
Ruby Adams
Ethel Hart
Mary Tucker
Bessie Temple
Idella Holloway
Elizabeth Corbett
Opal Purnell
Mary Fries
Eva Deen
Olive Petty
Miss Austin
Ruby Henry
Margaret Merchant
Jessie Tomlinson
Ruby Duvall
Blanche Pattishall
Eugenia Carter
Bly Pickett
Christine Alsobrooke
Constance Bishop
Ruth McIlvaine
Katie Barrs
Joe Berta Bryan
Gladys Crawford
Mrs. Herman Gunter
Mrs. Park Trammel
Catherine O'Brien
Bessie Eddy
Beulah McMillan
Nellie Jones
Essie Winn
Ethel Hart
Frances Laughinghouse



Mistaken Identities

The most reluctant guests had finally taken their departure and only the wedding party, laden with rice and old shoes, remained in the hall waiting for the bride and groom to make a rush for the motor car which was to convey them to the depot.

Above stairs all was quiet. The bride had donned her traveling gown, adjusted her hat and veil, and was now making her last adieux to her parents. The suit cases were safely stored in the motor car, and the groom stood at the head of the stairs watching for their chance to slip by. At a whispered call, the bride came to his side, and locking arms, they ran swiftly down the stairs. Just as they were escaping by the porch steps the front door slammed. This aroused the waiting company, and with one accord they rushed out. The bridal couple had reached their car, but not soon enough to fully escape the deluge of rice and shoes which descended upon them. Just one lone shoe found a resting place, and that was on the top of the machine in a pile of rice. A minute more and the car was gone amid peals of laughter and shouts of good wishes, with the one old shoe keeping watch over all.

While the car is rapidly carrying the happy couple to the depot our attention is attracted elsewhere.

Fate had so ordained it that on this particular night——Fraternity at——College was initiating a most ungovernable "goat." In consequence the initiation was proceeding along very strenuous lines. All of the facilities on the campus had been put to use, and now the irrepressible bunch were seeking out other means of initiating the "goat."

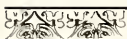
By hook or crook he slipped out of their clutches as they were passing through a crowded street. As each man thought the other was playing guard, his escape was not realized until he was commanded to do some stunts. Trouble began then for sure. Each man made of himself a searching party, and all scattered in different directions, promising to meet again on the same corner, in fifteen minutes. A vain search was carried on for the allotted time, then twenty disappointed college boys gathered again, each with his tale of woe. The twenty young brains finally decided that the depot was about the last place to search, so the whole body started off at a trot in that direction. They covered the ten intervening blocks in as many minutes, but with each step their even tempers failed them the more, so, by the time they reached the vicinity of the depot, they were in no amiable frame of mind.

Fate played another trick that night when it ordained that the groom and the "goat" should be dressed alike in grey suit, tie and hat.

The motor-car reached the depot, and two persons very much engrossed in one another jumped out and pushed their way through the crowded waiting room to the platform. A schedule announced the north-bound express to be "on time." When they began to gather their belongings about them the groom discovered that he had left his overcoat in the motor-car.—Now what was to be done? He could not go north without a coat—the motor-car was probably gone—and, the train was due in five minutes! A short consultation ensued, and they decided he should try to find the motor-car. After kissing his bride, and assuring her that he would return in time, he disappeared into the hurrying throng.

Two minutes passed — — three — — four—and still no groom! Five minutes and the train was due. Far out in the night a whistle blew—a searchlight blazed down on the tracks and the platform with its waiting throng. The girl-bride grew desperate, tears started to her eyes and a cry of disappointment escaped her lips.

The great light bore down upon her — — the throbbing engine rushed passed her, slowed down, and the long line of coaches came to a standstill. The passengers



alighted, and a new crowd went in to fill their places. The last straggling one had just thrown his suit case to the porter, when the bride espied, away down the platform, a man in grey running at full speed, calling to him to hurry, she signaled the porter to collect her baggage just as the conductor called out "All aboard!" She threw her arms around the neck of the man, kissed him, and with a glad cry boarded the train, holding fast to his arm.

The whistle blew—the engine snorted, and the coaches rolled out of the depot.

The girl and the man entered the car, and the porter directed them to their section. All the while the man would have spoken, but each time he began the bride would cut him short with some little exclamation of love, or expression of her anxiety. Suitcases and umbrellas were stored away, and the couple settled themselves in the seat. The man removed his hat, the girl drew closer to him turning up her face for a kiss — — — As she did so an expression of horror overspread her features and a startled cry was heard. She drew back in the corner of the seat and began to weep.

Then did the man have time to explain. He was trying to elude someone when she had pulled him aboard the train—she would not allow him to explain. Now was it too late to help her? He really would like to be of some assistance if he could. What time was this? Why, yes, he would inquire. It was the north-bound "local," and would stop in a few minutes at L—, the next station to X—. Yes, he thought it highly possible that he could telephone back to X— and tell her husband where she was.

Tears began to flow less freely, and it was not many minutes before the young bride was smiling and making herself very entertaining to the "unknown man."

L— was announced. The train stopped, and the porter emerged carrying the baggage, followed by an expectant young man and woman. Once again she stood on a station platform surrounded by her baggage, and once again she advised the young man in grey to leave her and see what he could do, begging him to see what he could do.

When the groom ran out of the depot at X—, and anxiously searched the line of motor-cars for his own, he was approached from behind with an unexpected bound. Then fun began for twenty young men who were not in very forgiving frames of mind.

Over in a field, across from the railroad yards there was a barn, and before that barn hung a hay-derrick. Twenty young men knew of that spot, and they made all haste in that direction, dragging behind them an infuriated young man in grey.

The farmer who owned this barn was an alert man who always kept a shotgun near his hands, so they deemed it expedient to go about their work quietly. With a noose loosely tied under the arms of the supposed "goat" they pulled him up to the door of the hay loft, pelted him with sand and left him to repent of his former deeds.

Farmer B— had been in his chicken yard when all this excitement was going on. Hearing the disturbance, he went to investigate the cause. When he saw a man about to enter his hay-loft, he drew up his gun, and in most commanding tones told him to get down, or be shot. The supposed "goat" informed him of his plight, begging him to help him out. The old man took compassion on him, let him down, and directed him to the depot.

He had not gone very far when he met twenty young men who were very much taken aback. They were just about to pounce upon him again when one of them espied a pin on the man's vest. Further investigation proved it to be a — — frat pin, this man was none other than a brother of the twenty who had done him up so.

In a few words, which could not be misunderstood, the groom expressed his opinion of them. When he explained his position to them, they could not do enough to help him. They went back to the depot, and, on making inquiries, found that a girl answering the description of the bride, together with a young man in grey had boarded a local train which was late, and which had passed at the time set for the express. The express had a hot-box outside the city a few miles, and was delayed a half hour. It was due in fifteen minutes.



A train of thought, something like this, ran through the groom's mind. The first stop of the local train was at L—. She would surely get off there. It was ten miles off. There was a hard road between X— and L—. A fast motor-car could reach L— in just about ten minutes. He could beat the express — — catch his bride and then — —

He was just about to voice his thoughts, when a racing car appeared far down the road. Motioning the boys to follow, they ran into the middle of the road—stopped the car—jumped in, and, without any explanation, told the chauffeur to drive like the — — to L—, and he did! The faithful little engine acted bravely. In seven minutes the lights of L— began to twinkle like stars away out in the dark. A whistle blew. It was the north-bound express. Now it was to be a race! The depot was in sight. The fast-approaching train was bearing down upon them. Just one mile more—and the whir of the wheels. A half mile, and the searchlight was full on them. Three blocks away and the engine was a length behind them. The station reached, and the sturdy little racer and the engine came in side by side.

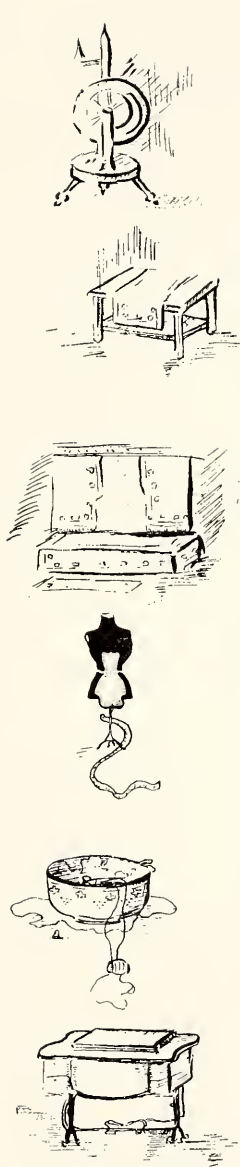
Crowds scattered to make way for the apparently mad set of men who were racing an express train. The groom, by this time, was standing on the running board of the car ready to jump as soon as he reached the little bride he could now distinguish half way down the platform.

The brakes scraped, a man in grey broke through the crowd followed by twenty college boys. Then—while one man in grey held fast but gently in his arms his dear little bride, another man in grey was held fast, but not so gently, in the arms of twenty astounded, but triumphant young men.

By this time an interested crowd of spectators had gathered. When the conductor called "All aboard" a girl-bride again entered the car holding fast to the arm of a young man in grey, this time making sure he was the right one. While outside a curious crowd, together with an irrepressible bunch of boys, who held fast to another man in grey, cheered the plucky bride and groom until the train was swallowed up in the dark of the night.

ELIZABETH CORBETT, 1911.





工
作
用
具
之
圖
解



Domestic Art Class

School of Arts and Sciences

First Year (Handsewing, Garment Making).

Virginia Ames	Blanche Glenn	Alma Parlin
Myrtle Balch	Gladys Graham	Winefred Pedrick
Gene Carter	Sallie Redd Isbel	Olive Petty
Helen Carter	Alee Morgan	Virginia Kyle
Eva Deen	Dagmar Neilsen	Frances Kyle
	Egenia Nolan	

Second Year (Dress Making).

Ruth Otwell	Eva Deen	Essie Long
Beulah Braswell	Caddobelle Farr	Ruby McLin
Bess Buchanan	Lucile Gregory	Eugenia Nolan
Sarah Davis	Beryl Harrison	Alma Parlin
Hallie Deaton	Nora Hart	Lola Snider
Mary Deaton	Ione Hough	

Third Year (Advanced Dress Making).

Genevieve Crawford	Eloise McGriffe
Fern Gibbs	Opal Purnell

Third Year (Millinery).

Virginia Ames	Genevieve Crawford	Eloise McGriffe
Myrtle Balch	Fern Gibbs	Opal Purnell

First Year (Design).

Helen Carter	Ione Hough	Eugenia Nolan
Louise Clark	Eloise McGriffe	Virginia Kyle
Lucile Gregory	Alee Morgan	Frances Kyle
Gladys Graham	Dagmar Neilsen	Eva Deen

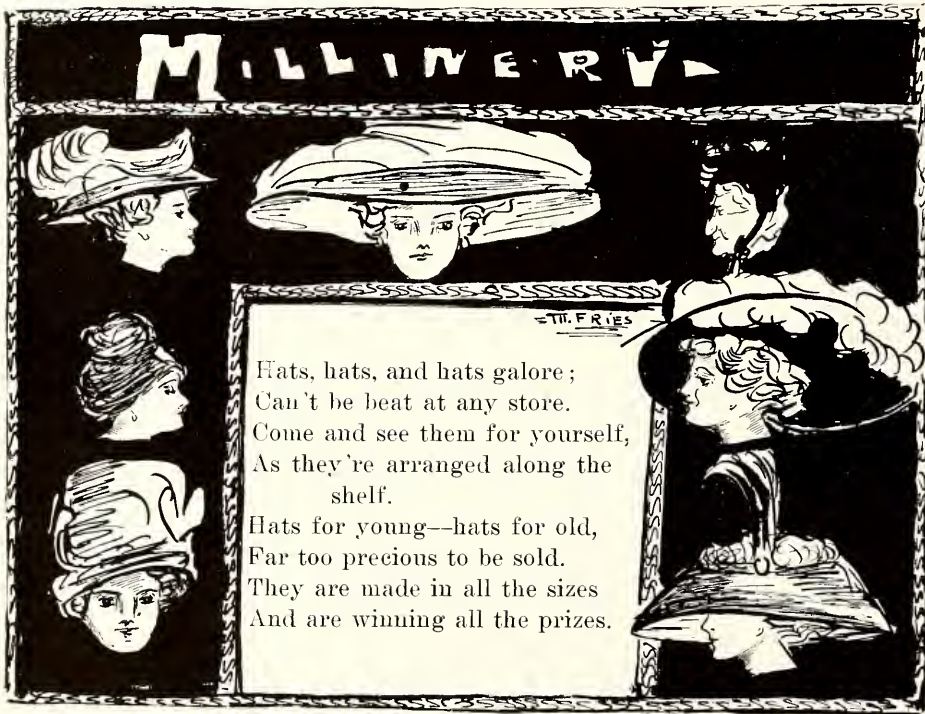
TEACHERS' TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

First Year (Hand Sewing, Garment Making).

Alga Alligood	Connie Hancock	Margaret McCarty
Geraldine Anderson	Nellie Jones	Blanche Pattishall
Roxanna Cox	Maggie Johnson	Mamie Sims
Bessie Crane	Mary Lester	Ruth Smith
Erin Duke	Helen Healy	Addie Stewart
Stelle Edmunds	Ruby Hendry	Ettie Thompson
Claire Farmer	Lucille Manning	Mary Turner
Mary Fones	Flossie Myers.	Bessie Waggener
Irene Gardner	Ruth Otwell	Mattie Yent
Mamie Goethe	Bertha Henderson	Angeline Yent
Mary Hall	Casseleta Lockler	Barbara Parkhill
	Gertrude Marvin	



DOMESTIC ART DEPARTMENT





A group of girls within our College
So wonderous bright in search of knowledge,
Think to make complete their lives
They must prepare to be housewives.

The initial step is Domestic Art,
And when at their work they find a part
Of this is how to make designs
They take the course as 'tis defined.

Design, you know, is simply planning,
And oh! the magazines they're scanning,
To find a "writing set" for "him,"
Designed in "straight lines" neat and trim.



Their thoughts lead almost to anxiety,
For fear there may not be a "variety"
Sufficient and, "a sense of fitness."
So here's a list, now, will you listen?

A sewing bag, some table covers,
A monogram (perhaps a lover's),
Original "Suggestive" too,
And colors all of dainty hue.

Some center pieces large and wide,
And other things that suit a bride;
Some ties and belts, an evening hood,
For "harmonys" in all things good.

"Monotony" must not prevail,
So she must add a hat and veil,
Hand made shirtwaists, all sorts of clothes,
To be well dressed where'er she goes —

At last a dainty parasol,
An auto cap, and that isn't all:
But come and join this class so fine,
Who've learned the wonders of design.



At the Point of a Needle

ACT I.

Scene I.—Needle-women applying themselves.

Opal (gleefully)—“Now, girls, isn’t it dear of Miss Lewis to give us such a lovely party?”

Bess (in an undertone)—“It certainly is better than threading a nasty old bobbin.”

Eva—“O, don’t remind us of those things now, Bess.—Let’s enjoy it while we may.”

Mary D. (switching out in front of the mirror and critically surveying her skirt)—“I’m enjoying it myself.”

All—“Evidently!!”

Miss Lewis—“What’s that? Here now what have you done about that Annual?”

Lucile—“Yes, girls, the material must all be in by Saturday anyway—you know it must be looked over, and it just **must** be in. Now, I’m in earnest about this. I’ve been pleasant long enough.”

Hallie—“Final, I suppose. What’ll I, what’ll I, what’ll I do!”

Caddobelle—“‘I’m a thinking’ you’ll be a ‘Busy Bee’ for a while. But, please don’t put in any joke on me. I’m a regular target for you all now.”

Sarah (brightening up)—“Yes, you will too. I know a good one on Caddobelle. She didn’t see that snapshot of hers the other day.”

Cad.—“Now, hush up, Sarah, what are you making that auto bonnet for?”

Lola—“O, cut it out, an auto bonnet doesn’t signify anything. Look at that monogram on Dagmar’s table linen.”

Nora—“And Opal’s ‘peachy’ dress.”

Genevieve—“Yes, and Eva’s ‘Pina’ dress.”

Miss Lewis—“Now, look here, this is no matrimonial bureau. Put your heads together—got to have something cute for the Annual.”

“Alma—“Well, this’ll be for one page in big black letters: ‘Alma’s Brown Dress is Finished,’ but there’ll be a click in it when I wear it.”

Gene.—“Say that Caddobelle got her request that the men of the Faculty be invited to our party.”

Helen—“Announce, please, that I have at least finished that ‘darn’ model.”

Eloise—“And that Essie in all seriousness desires to know if six yards of cloth will make her a shirt-waist.”

Essie—“O! I’m tired of Annual, I—Miss Lewis comes — —”

(Miss Lewis enters surrounded by little fairies in dainty caps and aprons bearing tiny trays laden with “goodies.”)

Fairies (exclaiming joyfully)—“Away with sewing! Come one, come all, to fun we call.”

Lucile—“Oh, girls, I have an idea! Let’s have a toast.”

All—“Speech! Speech!”

Lucile—

“Domestic Art, you’ve won our hearts,
We’re able now to do our parts,
Tho’ there are bobbins to fix, and needles to thread—
(This fact I may say we always do dread.)—
Yet for our work there’s a great compensation
Over which we feel our rightful elation,
For red dresses, blue dresses, pink dresses and more,
Came streaming forth in profusion—galore!
Then one detects in such great commotion
Sighs and cries, the result of emotion.
Yet, may I now say, our teacher so bright
Soon soothes it away and gives us new light,
Such plans for our future, we then build in play
That order’s restored and all is soon gay.”



Domestic Science Department

First Year College.

Virginia Ames	Bessie Eddy	Mary Mahon
Clara Carlton	Gladys Graham	Ruth McIlvaine
Eugenia Carter	Clarine Hoyt	Alee Morgan
Helen Carter	Frances Kyle	Dagmar Nielson
Sarah Davis	Virginia Kyle	Eugenia Nolan
Ruth Doig	Cornelia Leffler	Winifred Pedrick
Ethel Durst	Essie Long	

Second Year College.

Hilda Baile	Blanche Glenn	Alma Parlin
Hallie Deaton	Sallie Redd Isbell	Lola Snider
Mary Deaton	Pearl Long	

Third Year College.

Opal Purnell	Eloise McGriffe
--------------	-----------------

First Year Normal.

Ruth Austin	Lucile Mitchell	Bessie Waggener
Louise Bonniwell	Ruth Otwell	Edna Witham
Mary Fones	Lilla Sims	Angeline Yent
Estelle Jones	Mamie Sims	Mattie Yent

Second Year Normal.

Ruth Austin	Ruby Hendry
-------------	-------------

Second Year Special.

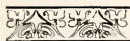
Mrs. Lula Balch	Genevieve Crawford
-----------------	--------------------



DOMESTIC SCIENCE I.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE II.



Domestic Science I.

New Cook Questions.

Gladys G.—“Miss McCarty, do you bake or boil steam pudding?”

“Louise B.—Say, do you make soup out of the chin (skin) of beef?”

Ruth D.—“Sara, did she say to wipe this meat with a clean towel?”

Winefred P.—“Miss McCarty, is that stove running over there?”

Miss McCarty.—“Alee, if it takes ten pounds of roast two hours to cook, how long will it take two pounds?”

Alee M.—“Why, about one-tenth of two hours. Say about six minutes.”

Saturday Lecture.

Lactrose, sucrose, dextrose, maltrose—

How is that for just a small dose?

Bone—black filters, and osmosis—

(Oh! What learning others miss)

Mono-saccharids, and dear dia-sacchs,

Carbohydrates, listing back

Through $C_6 H_{12}$ and O_6

Down to names too hard to fix.

Density and pressure problems—

Boiling point—but these are gems,

Far too precious for the masses,

Given by the D. S. Classes.

Domestic Science II.

To work, to work, to work we must be,
For our B. S. in Home Economics—you see.
This is the song that is sung by all,
Who entered our “Second Year Class” last fall.

Our Class above all, makes all things great,
That they, otherwise, never could make.
Genevieve’s fondant, and “Sally’s” boned chicken
Are to be found in no other kitchen.

Pearl makes cookies—millions or more,
Ruth boils plum puddings to add to the store.
Alma loves soup stock, so easy to make,
And much prefers it to mushrooms and steak.

There are others in the class who have great talent,
And always do things for the lad who is gallant.
Their successes will come in the future near,
As the time for their dinners is nearly here.

On Saturday, each, a lecture we must take,
And, oh! how much our poor heads ache.
These notes to us are quite a big stack,
Because they are filled with “bone-black.”

Now with such a wonderful, wonderful class,
Is there a chance for the whole twelve to pass?
“Come along, girls”—is my advice to you,
And see for yourselves the things that we do.

Lola Snider.

DIETETICS

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Long ago they tell me
People simple ate.

Now we weigh each bit of food,
Such is their hard fate.

So much milk is weighed for baby,
So much mush when older grown
Willie, at the age of seven.

Must have eggs for brawn and bone.
Then he reaches twelve or thirteen.
And at eighteen without breakfast
He is sure that he would die.

Must we feed to keep him well—
Carbo-hydrate, fat and protein
All, and more than I can tell.
When he's middle aged and
gouty,

Then we cut his rations
down.

And when older still and
feeble,

Give him milk,
zwieback brown.

Thus through seven
ages come we—

From the cradle
to old age,
And the part
food plays in
living

Can not
go on
this one
page.
M.
C.





The Talisman

Board of Editors.

Editor-in-Chief.....	Elizabeth Corbett, T. L. S.
Literary Editor.....	Estelle Roege, T. L. S.
Athletic Editor.....	Nannie Reese, M. C.
Art Editor.....	Agnes Granberry, M. C.
Music Editor.....	Bess Buchanan, M. C.
Exchange Editor.....	Pearl Long, T. L. S.
Local Editor.....	Lucile S. Mitchell, T. L. S.
Y. W. C. A. Editor.....	Iva Townsend, M. C.

Business Manager.

Dagmar Neilsen.....	M. C.
---------------------	-------

Associate Business Manager.

Eva Deen.....	M. C.
---------------	-------

Associate Literary Editor.

Opal Purnell.....	T. L. S.
-------------------	----------

VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1911

NO. 2

THE TALISMAN



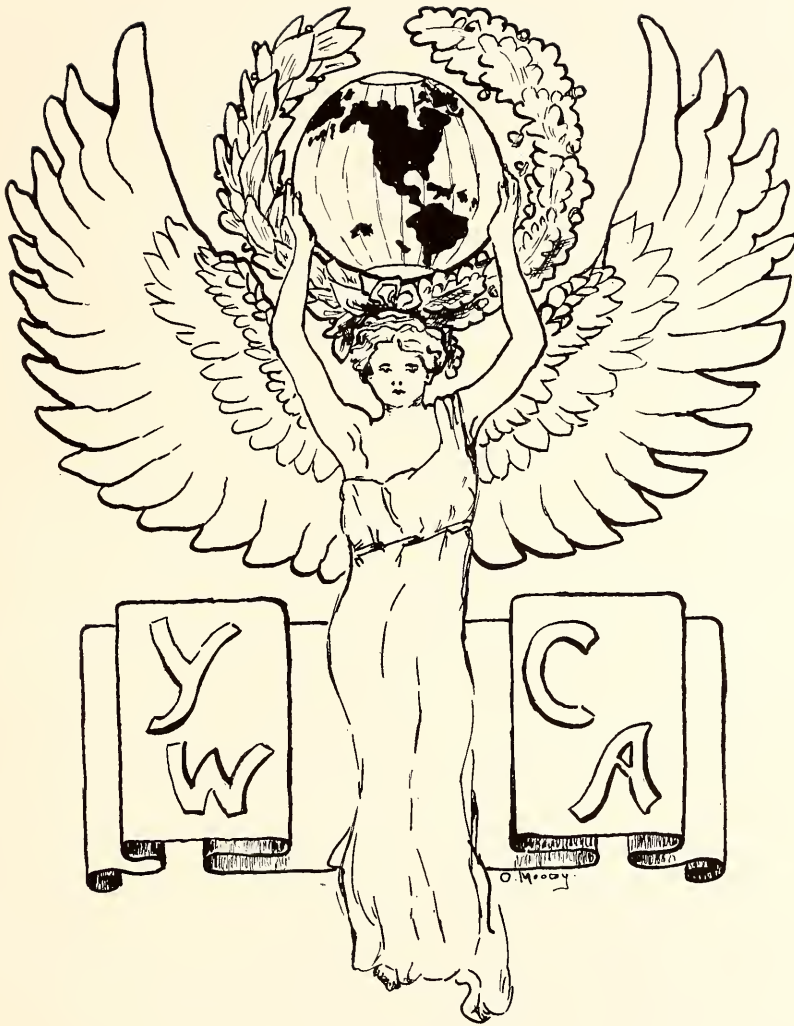
**FLORIDA
STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN**

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

127A
C. 127A
127A



Edi
Lito
Ath
Art
Mus
Exc
Loc
Y. 7





Vice-President.

President.

Secretary.

Y. W. C. A.

Agnes Granberry	President
Lucile Mitchell	Vice-President
Nannie Reese	Secretary
Mattie Mae Williford.....	Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.

The aim of our Association is to make the Y. W. C. A. the center of the college life, the very axis around which everything else revolves. We want to bring every girl in school to put the Y. W. C. A. ahead of all other activities, because the Y. W. C. A. stands for everything that goes for the betterment of mind, body and soul. Primarily, it seeks to develop in its girls the highest type of character—a character strong physically, socially, mentally and spiritually. It seeks to send the girls out for Christ, with lives full and overflowing, to bring the blessings they have had, to those less fortunate. When college life is past, the association is anxious that the girls meet life bravely, and that, as a stream flows quietly, but leaves a trail of freshness behind, their lives may scatter gladness and help along their courses.

The Y. W. C. A. is thoroughly democratic. It recognizes the image of the Creator in everyone. Here College and Normal, Thalian and Minerva, Frat and Non-Frat, Rich and Poor can meet on an equal footing in a common cause.

We have a fine Advisory Board in the Faculty, which shows their attitude to the Y. W. C. A. The Bible and Mission Study Classes open for most of the girls, a new and necessary line of development. Indirectly these classes tend to the national aim—"The evangelization of the world in this generation." Our missionary, dear little Miss Fitch, whom we help to support, is a vital between our Association and foreign missions.

The Y. W. C. A. is a store house, representative of the Great Father, to which we want the whole sisterhood of students to come for new strength, and for the straightening out of their troubles. Here also they can pass on what they have to some one else. Finally, the Y. W. C. A. does not want one student to leave this College without realizing that the business of the King is the most important, and that the highest service to God is service to man.

"I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundant."







Pan-Hellenic

Officers.

Lucile Gregory, A. K. Ψ President
 Nannie Reese, A. Δ . Φ Secretary and Treasurer

Lucile Gregory, A. K. Ψ .

Miss Williams, A. K. Ψ .

Sallie Redd Isbell, A. K. Ψ .

Miss Lewis, X. Ω .

Sara Davis, X. Ω .

Iva Townsend, X. Ω .

Nannie Reese, A. Δ . Φ .

Eva Dean, A. Δ . Φ .

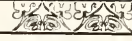
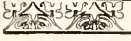
Lillian Page, A. Δ . Φ .

Miss Abermethy, K. Δ .

Elise Partridge, K. Δ .

Alma Parlin, K. Δ .





Kappa Delta Sorority

Founded 1897.

Open Motto:—"We strive for that which is noblest."

Publication:—The Angelos.

Colors:—Green and White.

Flower:—White Rose.

•



Kappa Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta

Installed 1904.

Sorores in Facultate.

Inez Abernethy

Clara E. Farrington

Virginia E. Hardaway

Carrie E. Ballentine

Sorores in Collegio.

Eugenia Carter, '13

Blanche Glenn, '14

Helen Carter, '13

Frances Long, '14

Constance Cavell, '14

Olivia Moody, '11

Elizabeth Corbett, '11

Alma Parlin, '13

Lottie Cordes, '12

Elise Partridge, '10

Jessie Partridge, '13

Sorores in Urbe.

Mrs. Bessie Saxon Ausley

Margaret Bradford

Lina Clifton Byrd

Ruby Byrd

Louise Clark

Mrs. Mary Murphree Meginniss

Helen Saxon

Lucile Saxon

Patronesses.

Mrs. T. B. Byrd

Mrs. Dexter M. Lowry

Mrs. George Perkins

Mrs. George W. Saxon

Miss Emma Barnwell



Chapter Roll

Alpha**	State Normal School Farmville, Va.
Gamma	Hollin's Institute Hollins, Va.
Delta	College of Women Columbia, S. C.
Epsilon	Louisiana State University Baton Rouge, La.
Zeta	University of Alabama Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Theta	Randolph-Macon Woman's College Lynchburg, Va.
Kappa Alpha	Florida State College for Women Tallahassee, Fla.
Lambda	Northwestern Universtiy Evanston, Ill.
Omicron	Wesleyan University Bloomington, Ill.
Phi Delta	St. Mary's School Raleigh, N. C.
Phi Psi	Fairmont Seminary Washington, D. C.
Rho Omicron Phi	Judson College Marion, Ala.
Sigma	Gunston Hall Washington, D. C.
Sigma Sigma	Iowa State College Ames, Iowa.
Epsilon Omega	University of Kentucky Louisville, Ky.

Alumnae.

Chi Alumnae	Charlotte, N. C.
Montgomery Alumnae	Montgomery, Ala.
Tuscaloosa Alumnae	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Mobile Alumnae	Mobile, Ala.
Chicago Alumnae	Chicago, Ill.
Selma Alumnae	Selma, Ala.



Engraved by D. P. Smith.

Chi Omega Fraternity

Founded 1895.

Publication :—Eleusis.

Secret Publication :—Mystagogue.

Colors :—Cardinal and Straw.

Flower :—White Carnation.



Chi Omega

GAMMA CHAPTER.

Sorores in Collegio.

Class of 1911.

Sarah Davis	Bess Buchanan	Iva Townsend
Lonny Landrum	Irene McSween	
Sara Hull Verdery	Mary Fries	Arabell Hopkins

Class of 1912.

Opal Purnell	Ruth Doig
Joe Berta Bryan	Agnes Granberry

Class of 1913.

Winifred Pedrick	Eugenia Nolan
Olive Petty.	

Sorores in Urbe.

Fenton Davis	Sara Spears
Mary Douglas Lewis	Mrs. W. J. Oven

Sorores in Facultate.

Hallie Lewis	Rowena Longmire
--------------	-----------------

Patronesses.

Mrs. S. D. Cawthon	Mrs. N. M. Sally
Mrs. L. M. Lively	Mrs. W. G. Dood
Mrs. J. W. Henderson	Mrs. J. F. McNeil
Mrs. T. N. Shackelford	

Chapter Roll

Kappa.....	University of Nebraska Lincoln, Neb.
Iota.....	University of Texas Austin, Tex.
Theta.....	West Virginia University Morgantown, W. Va.
Eta.....	University of Michigan Ann Arbor, Mich.
Zeta.....	University of Colorado Boulder, Col.
Epsilon.....	Barnard College New York, N. Y.
Delta.....	Dickinson College Carlisle, Pa.
Gamma.....	Florida State College for Women Tallahassee, Fla.
Beta.....	Colby College Waterville, Me.
Alpha.....	University of Washington Seattle, Wash.
Psi Alpha.....	University of Oregon Eugene, Oreg.
Chi Alpha.....	Tuft's College Everett, Mass.
Phi Alpha.....	George Washington University Washington, D. C.
Psi.....	University of Arkansas Fayetteville, Ark.
Chi.....	Transylvania University Lexington, Ky.
Upsilon.....	Union University Jackson, Tenn.
Tau.....	University of Mississippi University, Miss.
Sigma.....	Randolph-Macon Woman's College Lynchburg, Va.
Rho.....	Tulane University New Orleans, La.
Pi.....	University of Tennessee Knoxville, Tenn.
Omieron.....	University of Illinois Champaign, Ill.
Xi.....	Northwestern University Evanston, Ill.
Nu.....	University of Wisconsin Madison, Wis.
Mu.....	University of California Berkeley, Cal.
Lambda.....	University of Kansas Lawrence, Kan.

Alumnae Chapters.

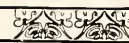
Fayetteville, Ark.	Knoxville, Tenn.	Texarkana, Ark.	Des Moines, Iowa.
Washington, D. C.	Chicago, Ill.	New Orleans, La.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Lexington, Ky.	Kansas City, Mo.	Lynchburg, Va.	San Francisco, Cal.
Oxford, Miss.	New York, N. Y.	Denver, Col.	Portland, Oreg.



Alpha Kappa Psi Sorority

Founded 1904.

Publication Trigonon
Colors.....Blue and Gold
Flower For-Get-Me-Not





Eta Chapter of
Alpha Kappa Psi Sorority

Installed 1907.

Sorores in Facultate.

Sallie Bell Williams.

Sorores in Collegio.

Lucile Gregory, '11

Estelle Roege, '11

Eva Ballard, '12

Lola Snider, '13

Sallie Redd Isbell, '13

Hallie Ley, '13

Gladys Graham, '14

Patronesses.

Mrs. Geo. Lewis

Mrs. Fred T. Myers

Mrs. A. C. Spiller

Mrs. F. Roege

Miss Carrie Brevard

Miss Sallie Blake

Chapter Roll

of

ALPHA KAPPA PSI SORORITY.

Alpha.....	St. Mary's School Raleigh, N. C.
Delta	Wesleyan College Macon, Georgia.
Tau	Fairmount School Monteagle, Tenn.
Eta.....	Florida State College for Women Tallahassee, Fla.
Sigma Nu.....	John B. Stetson University DeLand, Florida.
Beta.....	Gunston Hall Washington, D. C.
Gamma	Shorter College Rome, Georgia.
Kappa.....	Fitzhugh School Fort Worth, Texas.

Alumnae Associations.

Tampa Alumnae.....	Tampa, Florida
Atlanta Alumnae.....	Atlanta, Georgia
Camden Alumnae.....	Camden, S. C.
Savannah Alumnae.....	Savannah, Georgia
Portsmouth Alumnae.....	Portsmouth, Va.



Alpha Delta Phi Sorority

Founded 1851.

Open Motto :—"We live for each other."

Publication :—Adelphean.

Colors :—Blue and White.

Flower :—Violet.



Alpha Delta Phi

Iota Chapter.

Installed 1909.

Sorores in Facultate.

Miss Margaret McCarty

Sorores in Collegio.

Class of 1910.

Eva Dean

Class of 1911.

Lillian Page	Essie Long
Pearl Long	Omarea Holloway

Class of 1912.

Nannie Reese	Blondza Cates
Mary Mahon	Eloise McGriffe

Class of 1913.

Hallie Deaton	Ione Hough
Allee Morgan	Mary Deaton

Class of 1914.

Dagmar Nielson	Virginia Ames
----------------	---------------

In Urbe.

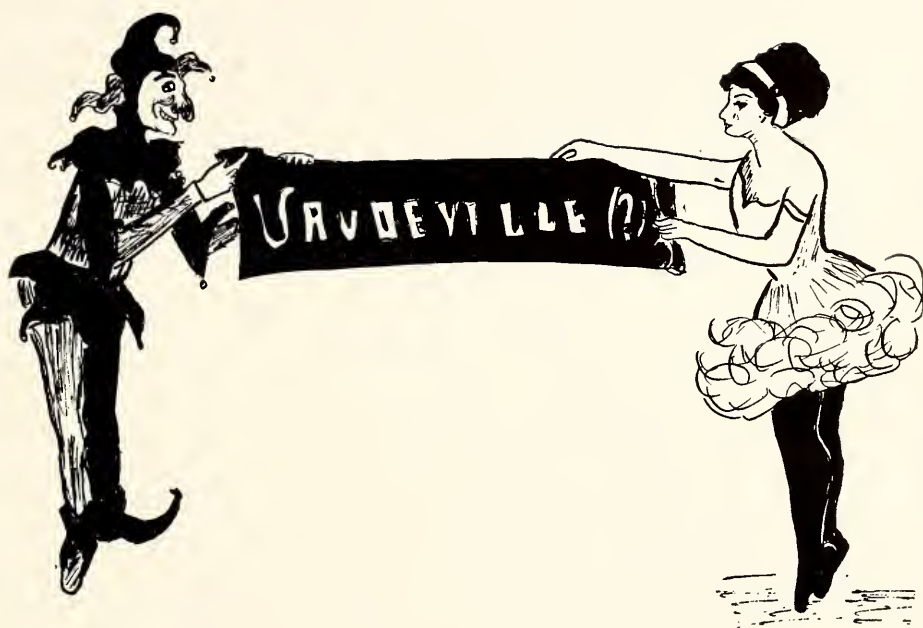
Susie McGriff	Mrs. Arthur Williams
---------------	----------------------

Chapter Roll

Alpha	Wesleyan College Macon, Ga.
Delta.....	University of Texas Austin, Tex.
Epsilon.....	Sophie Newcomb University New Orleans, La.
Zeta	Southwestern University Georgetown, Tex.
Theta	Lawrence University Appleton, Wis.
Iota.....	Florida State College for Women Tallahassee, Fla.
Kappa	Judson College Marion, Ala.
Lambda.....	Brenau College Conservatory Gainesville, Ga.
Mu.....	Alabama Woman's College Montgomery, Ala.
Nu.....	Randolph-Macon Woman's College Lynchburg, Va.

Alumnae Chapters.

Alpha	Macon, Ga.
Macon	Macon, Ga.
South Georgia.....	Pelham, Ga.
Beta.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
Delta	Abeline, Tex.
New Orleans.....	New Orleans, La.
Atlanta	Atlanta, Ga.
Shreveport, ...	Shreveport, La.
Birmingham	Birmingham, Ala.





It was Saturday of exam week. Most of the girls were lounging around the rotunda, and it was very evident from their tired faces and peevish manners, that getting up in the wee, wee hours of the morning and "cramming" did not quite agree with them. Some few of the girls were making a brave effort to get in a good humor, by dancing, but all were wishing for something to vary the monotony. Suddenly everyone was startled by a shrill voice crying, "A big show at the gym. tonight. High vaudeville. Eight o'clock sharp. Everybody come." Everything was excitement. Who was getting up the show? Who let them have it in the gym? Would it be any good? At any rate you could go and find out.

At eight o'clock promptly, the gym. was packed. Everyone was eager for the show to begin. The appearance of a funny little man with a black beard, a very red nose, overalls and a swallow tail coat, brought a roar from the audience. When he proceeded, with an air of great importance, to strut over to the piano and whisper a few words to Nellie Legg, the audience decided that he must be the stage manager. He then ascended the steps, and when he started the opening address, everyone recognized Mary Fries. With wild gesticulations, sonorous tones, and broken English, he made known the





"Casey Jones"

wonderful talent and world wide reputation of his company (as is the custom of stage managers). He then introduced Miss Blanche Pattishall, in her remarkable impersonations of Mrs. Skipper (that unique personage who haunts the campus and waylays the girls in all the highways and byways of the Florida State College, begging for darning and mending, selling "pinders" and fried chicken, and incidentally relating a pathetic tale that would melt a brass monkey). Mrs. Skipper then made her appearance and delivered her usual speech, which was received with roars of



"Pa"

laughter and loud applause by the audience.

The little man then announced "Casey Jones," by the famous Miss Constance Bishop, and the talented ballet chorus. Immediately a clown, followed by a bunch of pretty girls, in dazzling dresses, issued forth. The clown rendered "Casey Jones", and the girls came in on the chorus. The ballets proved themselves past masters in the art of high dancing. In the meantime a funny old hay-



"Ma"

seed, attired in blue pajamas and a red bandanna, made his appearance, followed by his son—a stout youth in short trousers. They were thoroughly enjoying the dancing, singing, and "Pa" was having the time of his life when "Ma" appeared with her umbrella very much in evidence. She was exceedingly shocked at such an unusual scene. The "hen-pecked husband act" took place and the audience recognized Bessie Eddy in "Pa," Laura Kemp as "Buddy", and Katie Barrs as "Ma." In the mean-



"Buddy"

time, "Casey Jones" had been given, and it literally brought down the house—it was encored again and again.



The ballet girls were:—Sara Verdery, who wore a stunning red paper costume—she made herself famous; Ruby Hall, who was gowned in blue and white, she can now rest on her laurels as a ballet girl; Beryl Harrison looked even prettier than usual in an extremely attractive blue dress; Margaret Merchant wore pink—her clogging was one of the hits of the night; Jessie Tomlinson, whose jigging was unsurpassed and truly original, wore pink and looked like the real thing; Lucile Mitchell was beautiful in a costume of red, and was foremost both in the singing and dancing; Irene Gardner was petite and dainty as usual, in a blue and white costume.

The next thing on the programme was Miss Jessie Tomlinson in her celebrated clog dance. This petite and coy little actress was one of the hits of the evening.

The next and one of the most amusing features was Signora Fallstaf (Opal Purnell), who sang "Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon," and was assisted by the ballet chorus. This selection



received enthusiastic response.

The stage manager then introduced the celebrated Prima Donna, Miss Geradine Anderson. (The Prima Donna was a tall stunning girl in black with a large picture hat.) She sang the amusing little ditty entitled, "Guess what I've Got for You."

Miss Constance Bishop, Miss Beryl Harrison and the ballet chorus, rendered that "Mesmerising Mendelssohn Tune." "Ma," "Pa," "Buddy" and Mrs. Skipper again appeared on the scene.

This was followed by several jokes, told by the stage manager, who also gave a very grotesque and amusing imitation of a monkey. After that the audience was undecided whether he was indeed a stage manager or a simplified form of Chimpanzee.

After this performance the "Heavenly Twins" were announced, who proved to be Lucile Mitchell and Irene Gardner. They made a most interesting pair of little girls, and were truly graceful and pretty.

The grand finale was a two-step in which every one was invited to participate, no one had to be urged.

M. F.







Thalian Literary Society

Colors:—Purple and White.

Flower:—Violet.

Motto:—"Knowledge is power."

Officers—First Semester.

Elise Partridge	President
Hallie Deaton	Vice-President
Marcella McLean	Secretary
Geradine Anderson	Treasurer

Officers—Second Semester.

Sarah Davis	President
Olivia Moody	Vice-President
Irene McSween	Secretary
Constance Jacobie	Treasurer

Pertaining to the Thaliens.

Geraldine Anderson (Ambition).....	To love and be loved
Christine Alsobrooke.....	Ambition to be a whistler
Ruby Adams.....	Still water runs deep
Margaret Bradford.....	So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long
Beulah Braswell.....	Why so pensive?
Mrs. Balch.....	Rhapsody of words
Myrtle Balch.....	I really don't know
Mattie Bryan.....	Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low
Constance Cavel.....	Ambition to wear pink
Elizabeth Corbett.....	Her bark is worse than her bite
Lottie Cordes.....	Favorite book, Lucile
Louise Clark.....	What will Mama say?
Clara Carlton.....	Her ambition—to possess a Pearl
Eileen Cook.....	Zounds what an appetite!
Roxana Cox.....	One vast substantial smile
Sarah Davis.....	A progeny of learning
Hallie Deaton.....	Marriage is a desperate thing
Mary Deaton.....	Laugh and grow fat
Erin Duke.....	Of a good beginning comes a good end



Steele Edmonds.....With a smile that was childlike and bland
Bessie Eddy.....There is no place like home
Mary Fries.....Is there any mail for me?
Lude Fryar.....I'll not budge an inch
Bertha Froshe.....Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind
Lenora Frier.....Magnificent spectacle of human happiness
Sara Ferguson.....An honest woman is the noblest work of God
Blanche Glenn.....I'm just s-s-sea-ared to death
Irene Gardner.....Many small make a great
Ruby Hall.....Barkis is willing
Mary Hall.....She an alacrity in flunking
Arabell Hopkins.....Might have gone farther and fared worse
Omera Holloway.....My life is one durned horrid grind
Beryl Harrison.....Vocation, "A Star"
Clarine Hoytt.....She's a winsome wee thing
Constance Jacobie.....I perfectly feel even at my fingers' end
Estelle Jones.....Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall
Undine Jordon.....The secret to success is constancy to purpose
Essie Long.....What of a few broken bones, just so we win
Pearl Long.....All's quiet along the Potomac
Sudie Leonard.....The noblest mind the best contentment hath
Mary Lou Leonard.....Ambition to excel in gym
Cornelia Leffler.....Aping dignity
Marcelle McClain.....A true friend is the greatest of all good
Olivia Moody.....Better late than never
Lizzie McNeal.....Longs to be a postman
Mary Manon.....In virtue bold, in goodness never failing
Lucile Mitchell.....A merry heart goes all the day
Stelle Metcalf.....Gym is not in my line
Beulah McMillan.....Declaration of independence
Alma Parlin.....Now will you be good
Elise Partridge.....She is least alone when by herself
Jessie Partridge.....As headstrong as an allegory on the River Nile
Bly Pickett.....Hark from the tombs, a doleful sound
Olive Petty.....Ambition to be a mocking bird
Mary Rutland.....Let us trip it as we go on the light fantastic toe
Minnie Russell.....Determed? Oh! my!
Helen Saxon....."Oh, do tell me, I want to know"
Marion Snowden.....Gone but not forgotten
Mary Taylor.....As highly colored as the flowers of May

Mattie Mae Willaford.....There's music in the air, when Mattie Mae is there
Estelle Roegge. . . . She has been at a great feast of Language, and stolen the scraps
Annie May Williams.....She doesn't tell all she knows
Mattie Vent.....Affable in all kinds of weather
Angeline Vent.....Smile, or I'll make you
Opal Purnell.....Pretty, pert and blonde
Lillian Page.....Ambition to be a Froebel
Sarah Verdery.....Known as "Miss Up and At It"
Laura Vinning.....Nothing if not obliging
Lola Snider.....A saucy little miss
Lucile Gregory....."Words, words, words"
Victoria Neilson.....I have never seen any thing in the world worth getting
angry at.

Mary Tucker . . . Happy am I, from care I am free, why aren't they all contented like me?

Gladys Morse.....	She knows no guile
Constance Bishop.....	“Just match me with a graceful dancer”
Ruby O’Gwin.....	Sincere, faithful, and practical
Fannie Watson.....	“I love not to be crossed”
Hilda Baile.....	Better be out of the world than out of fashion
Gladys Graham.....	“Grin and bear it”
Fern Gibbs.....	Ambition to be a nurse
Francis Chambers.....	“She’ll go to meeting three times a week And almost always rise and speak.”

Hallie Ley.....	“What a pace this, thy tongue keeps”
Frances Long.....	“Tetchy and wayward”
Lonny Landrum.....	In each cheek appears a dimple
Irene McSween.....	“Always smiling”
Helen Carter.....	Ahem! Miss Dignity
Eugenia Carter.....	Quiet, serene, reserved, dainty, neat and still
Helen Alford.....	A corker in math
Ruth Austin.....	“O, let me do that for you, I know you’re tired”
Ione Hough.....	Butter would melt in her mouth
Hazel Hough.....	Little, teeny, and so cute
Alma O’Gwin.....	“Last but not least”





Minerva Club

Colors:—Dark Green and White.

Flower:—Carnation.

Motto:—Self-knowledge, Self-reverence, Self-control.

OFFICERS—First Semester.

Caddobelle Farr	President
Irma Williams	Vice-President
Ruth Doig	Secretary
Nora Hart	Treasurer

OFFICERS—Second Semester.

Eva Dean	President
Nannie Reese	Vice-President
Ethel Durst	Secretary
Ethel Sharman	Treasurer

CHIEF AMBITIONS OF THE MINERVA.

Katie Barrs—To pass the hours gaily.	Alee Morgan—To pluck bright honor.
Roxana Cox—To make home glad.	Bessie Stokes—To be fat.
Eva Deen—To catch a "spark" of life.	Ruby Inman—To grow thin.
Ruth Doig—To make sweet music.	Annie Treadwell—To be different.
Ethel Durst—To be learned.	Lizzie Norton—To be a suffragette.
Mary Fones—To do "Lots" better.	Zoe Manning—To inherit a Legacy.
Ethel Hart—To giggle some more.	Laura Kemp—To make people laugh.
Nellie Legg—To "Count Time."	Edna Witham—To become famous.
Dagmar Neilson—"Love in a hut."	Orrie Watts—To do him reverence.
Eva Ballard—To be a queen among men.	
Bess Buchanan—To strike the Master Chord.	
Joe Berta Bryan—To look on the "Silver Lining."	
Caddobelle Farr—To enlighten the heathen.	
Claire Farmer—To make some "Farmer" happy.	
Agnes Granberry—* * * To paint a Madonna.	
Nora Hart—Found an old maid's home.	
Sallie Reed Isbell—To be a Prima-Donna.	
Maggie Johnson—To receive birthday gifts.	
Frances Laughinghouse—To be a Y. W. C. A. Sect.	
Gladys McGruder—To be trained in Tennis.	
Ethel Manning—To make dainty concoctions.	
Lucile Manning—To get an Auburn pennant.	
Margaret Merchant—To gather sweet violets by the way.	
Fannie McClenny—To leave all meaner things.	
Myrtle Morgan—To live near a "Corner Store."	
Eugenia Nolan—To "Preserve" the earth.	
Jessie Nelson—To be worthy of her name.	
Ruth Otwell—To uphold "Dead Languages."	
Blanche Pattishall—To be of good cheer.	
Georgia Pattishall—"To know more, speak less."	
Winifred Pedrick—To rouse the lion from his den.	
Nannie Reese—To attune life's strings.	
Ethel Sharman—To endow a College or a cat.	
Mamie Simms—To be honest and true.	
Addie Stewart—To await the inevitable hour.	
Elizabeth Stewart—To be measured by deeds not years.	
Maud Sever—To taste the sweets of life.	
Ettie Thompson—To be still and quiet.	
Iva Townsend—"To strike while the iron is hot."	
Virginia Tiller—Ihren deutsche Lehrer zu freuden.	
Jessie Tomlinson—To amuse the children.	
Bessie Wells—To instill a wanton stillness.	
Irma Williams—To be in haste, but never in a hurry.	
Bessie Bell Wagner—To be a lovely lady.	
Essie Winn—AT LAST, to be of service.	
Pearl Warren—To develop her "instincts."	
Addie Cobb—To do well and right and let the world sink.	
Mamie Goethe—To be innocent and flower-like.	
Ruby Duval—"To let me sing and die."	





German Club

Prof. H. W. Calhoun

Eva Deen

Elise Partridge

Lizzie Norton

Constance Jacobie

Virginia Tiller

Estelle Roege

Caddobelle Farr

Essie Winn

Nora Hart

Katie Barrs

Mattie Mae Willoford

Lottie Cordes

Olivia Moody

Dr. E. Conradi



CLASSICAL CLUB



Classicum Concilium

MCMX—MCMXI.

Conventiones.

- I. November: Reorganization of the Club, Membership and Officials.
- II. December: "The Roman Forum" (illustrated).....Mr. Boyd
- III. January: "The Study of Words".....Mr. Salley
- IV. February: "Socrates".....President Canradi
- V. March: Presentation of the "Trinunus" of Plautus.....The Club
- VI. April: "Some Indo-European Family Words".....Mr. Dodd
- VII. May: Annual Banquet of the Club.....(in Domestic Science Rooms)

Consodales.

Elise Partridge	Fannie Watson	Lucile Mitchell
Sarah Davis	Margaret Burghardt	Annie Mae Williams
Lottie Cordes	Felicia Williams	Lilla Sims
Lizzie Norton	Olivia Moody	Mamie Sims
Iva Townsend	Louise Clark	Lude Fryer
Nora Hart	Helen Saxon	Ruby Byrd
Frances Long	Ruth Otwell	Jessie Nelson
Lonny Landrum	Irma Williams	Ruby O'Guin
Annie Lee Treadwell	Essie Wynn	Georgia Pattishall
Gladys Short	Undine Jordan	Virginia Kyle
Agnes Granberry	Angeline Yent	Elizabeth Corbett
Bessie Wells	Mattie Yent	Lucile Gregory

Consociati.

Miss Inez Abernethy	Miss Edith Moses	Mr. N. M. Salley
Miss Mary Apthorp	Miss Sallie B. Williams	Mrs. Edw. Conradi
Miss Fenton Davis	Mr. C. E. Boyd	Mrs. W. G. Dodd
Miss Rowena Longmire	Mr. A. W. Calhoun	Mrs. N. M. Salley
Miss Margaret McCarty	Mr. W. G. Dodd	
	President Edward Conradi	

Curatores.

Mr. Clarence E. Boyd	Miss Sallie Bell Williams
----------------------	---------------------------

Conservator.

Elise Partridge

Conscriptor.

Sarah Davis.

Coactores.

Lottie Cordes	Latin III	Nora Hart	Greek III
Lonny Landrum	Latin II	Agnes Granberry	Greek I
Olivia Moody	Latin I	Felicia Williams	Latin III



Loafers' Club

Motto:—"Don't do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."

Password:—"Take your time."

Chief Loafers.

Alma Parlin (Sister)	Genie Carter (Cheny)
Sallie Redd Isbell (Ma)	Margaret Merchant (Fatty)
Mary Fones (Lil Mary Fones)	Ruth Doig (Rufus)
Constance Cavell (Skinny)	Frances Kyle (Flirty)
Blanche Glenn (Blonnie)	Virginia Kyle (Sis)
Hazel Hough (Tiny)	Jessie Partridge (Chessy)
Frances Long (Little Tinsy)	Lucile Manning (Shorty)
Beryl Harrison (Bill)	Lottie Cordes (Lottie Bird)
Helen Carter (Tabby)	Lola Snider (Sneezer)

Honorary Loafers.

The "ELECTRICIAN."



Bachelors' Club

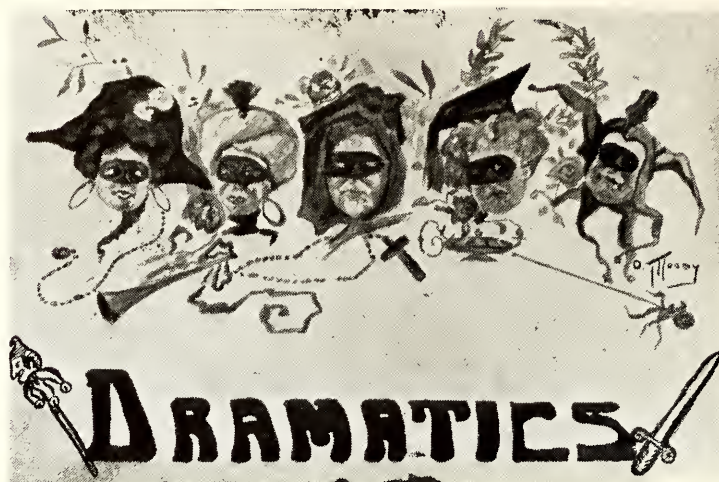
Marcella McLain	"Grandma"
Angeline Yent	"Possum"
Bly Pickett	"Spickett"
Agnes Yent	"Pat"



I Ata Pie Club

Motto:—I ata Pie and am not dead yet.

Roll Call.	Highest Ambition.	Favorite Expression.
Constance Bishop	To have more "crushes" than anyone else.	"I'm crazy about my crust."
Mary Hall	To have Sara's love.	"Don't be a tight-wad."
Halley Ley	To be a senior.	"I haven't opened my mouth."
Eugenia Nolan	To be thin.	"Hop to it, Kad."
Joe Berta Bryan.....	To be a true pie-baker.	"Tacky."
Olive Petty	To be a singer.	"Where's Iva?"
Ruby Hall	To be Bessie's guardian.	"I won't play."
Bessie Eddy	To get all she can.	"Oh NO!"
Winifred Pedrick	To have a real "Suitor."	"That's the way I got my start."



College Dramatics

"THE WRONG PACKAGE."

Cast of Characters.

Mrs. Boogs, School Principal.....	Elise Partridge
Margaret Evans	} Pupils..... Beryl Harrison
Jessie Brook	
Jennie, the Maid.....	Elizabeth Corbett
	Caddobelle Farr

"GONE ABROAD."

Cast of Characters.

Mrs. Nearly Gone.....	Omera Holloway
Faith	Sarah Davis
Hope	Bess Buchanan
Mrs. I. P. Kin, her Bosom Friend.....	Elise Partridge

"A NICE QUIET CHAT."

Cast of Characters.

Mrs. Vincent.....	Sarah Davis
Miss Elenor Rowdon, her Friend.....	Elizabeth Corbett
Mrs. Jones Lennox, her Cousin.....	Lucile Mitchell

"THE KLEPTOMANIAC."

Cast of Characters.

Mrs. John Burton (Peggy).....	Lucile Gregory
Mrs. Valerie Chas Amsby (a Young Widow).....	Beryl Harrison
Mrs. Charles Dover (Mabel), a Bride.....	Sallie Redd Isbel
Mrs. Preston Ashley (Bertha).....	Elise Partridge
Miss Freda Dixon.....	Elizabeth Corbett
Miss Evelyn Evan, a Journalist.....	Omera Holloway
Katie, the Maid.....	Caddobelle Farr

In These Degenerate Days

The Sanctuary of learning,
Fills my heart with yearning,
As I see the fair heads
Bowing over literature sublime.
So I cautiously come nearer,
And my glance becoming clearer,
I percieve the stacks of Magazines,
O'er which these virgins pine.
The walls are lined with classic lore ;
For spread in vast array around,
The "hobble" fashion plates abound.

They indeed are works of art,
Which the Greeks would fain outdo,
Reproduced by magic chart in the garments of the few.
But, oh, college girls, be wise !
Flips and fashions pass away,
Classic lore is here to stay,
Togas may old timey be,
But they fit more gracefully.

Gladys Short, '13.

Cottillion Club



Bess Buchanan.
I. Townsend.



Elizabeth Corbett
E. Partridge.



Mary Hall.
S. Verdery.



Hallie Deaton.
D. Neilson.



Bessie Bell Waggner
E. Long.



Carrie Ballentine.
O. Moody.



Alee Morgan.
C. Barrs.



Constance Bishop.
S. Davis.



Opal Purnell.
E. Roege.



Hazel Hough.
E. Deen.



Beryl Harrison.
M. Fries.



Sallie Redd Isbel.
L. Gregory.





ATHLETICS

The College Athletic Association

Faculty Committee.....	{	Mr. A. Williams, Chairman Miss E. Moses Miss V. E. Hardaway
------------------------	---	---

Irma Williams	President
Eva Deen	Vice-President
Essie Long	Vice-President
Elizabeth Corbett	Vice-President
Iva Townsend	Vice-President
Lucile Mitchell	Vice-President
Opal Purnell.....	Secretary and Treasurer

TENNIS CLUB.

Eva Deen	Director
Iva Townsend.....	Secretary and Treasurer

BASKET BALL.

Coach :—E. R. Smith.

Essie Long.....	Captain of Star Team
Irma Williams.....	Captain of Crescent Team

DEPARTMENT OF FIELD HOCKEY.

Coach :—A. Williams.

Opal Purnell	Director
Pearl Warren	Secretary

DEPARTMENT OF SWIMMING AND WATER POLLO.

Iva Townsend	Director
Hilda Baile	Secretary

WALKING CLUB.

Dr. Conradi, Prof. Williams, Miss Moses.....	Directors
--	-----------



Tennis Club

Eva Deen President
Iva Townsend.....Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

Maggie Johnston	Eva Ballard
Caddobelle Farr	Nellie Leg
Bess Buchanan	Ethel Sharman
Lonnie Landrum	Ruth Otwell
Eva Deen	Dagmar Neilson
Sarah Davis	Hallie Deaton
Irene McSween	Irma Williams
Hilda Baile	Essie Winn
Joe Berta Bryan	Nora Hart
Elizabeth Corbett	Winifred Pedrick



Crescent Basketball Team

Centers.

Irene Smith

Mary Rutland

Forwards.

Irma Williams
Beryl Harrison

Sara Verdery
Myrtle Morgan

Guards.

Lizzie Norton
Eileen Cook
Geraldine Anderson
Fannie Watson

Ethel Manning
Gene Carter
Undine Jordon
Frances Kyle



Star Basketball Team

Centers.

Essie Long

Katie Barrs

Forwards.

Mary Deaton

Ruby Hall

Ione Hough

Eva Ballard

Guards.

Winifred Pedrick

Constance Bishop

Mary Tucker

Angeline Yent

Margaret Merchant

Blanche Pattishall

Irene Gardener

Pearl Warren

Opal Purnell



Class I. Gymnasium.

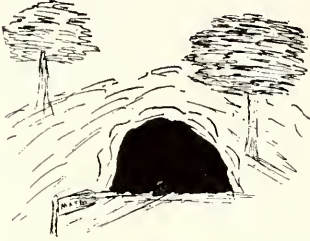


Class II. Gymnasium.



C
J
T
S
P
|
C
B
-
R
A
S

Those Seniors



In F. S. C. there's a Hollow-way,
A lane that turns to Math,
She struggles thru the livelong day
Not to incur the teacher's wrath

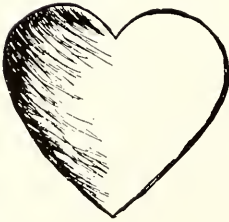


A Senior new so bonny
Is she whom we call "Lonny,"
In Economics she does very well,
But in Bible History does all excel.



Latin is said to be Sarah's hobby,
But I'm thinking that she may,
From what is heard in the lobby,
Have another one some day.

There is one—a priceless Pearl,
In cooking she is known to shine,
She can make a biscuit in a whirl,
Besides soups and candies all so well.



Among these seniors so smart,
There is one without a Hart,
Yet strange to tell of the knowledge,
She's acquiring at this college.

A tall girl named Estelle,
Finds in Browning her ideal,
German too, she speaks so well,
It almost makes one reel.



Essie is a girl so strong,
Who's aim is to be an athlete,
She practices the whole day Long,
In order not to get beat.



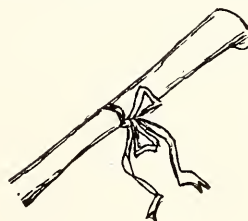
In Voice, Elizabeth takes the lead,
Of business ability, she feels no need,
She wears a band around her head,—
Any old colors, blue, green or red.

Another girl is very Moody,
And very stylish too,
Dressing has become a duty,
Especially when they're new.



In Lucile, frankness reigns supreme,
We feel for those who cross her,
Since studying Ethies, "Goods" her theme,
And there's naught else can boss her.

Our new senior Irene,
In all our hearts has won a place,
No one doubts she's very keen,
And will get her Dip with grace.



We have a pianist in Bess,
She knows her Mendelssohn by heart,
We think tho she won't confess,
Some day, she'll use his wedding march.

To Iva give your ad
We certainly are glad,
That business is her fad,
And that she can work her dad.



Another maid lives Farr away,
She's small and very gay,
She giggles thru the live-long day,
But also attends Y. W. C. A.



Lives of Great Men All Remind Us

Pie Williams—Born in Wales. Came to Tallahassee at a verdant age. Teaches History from the Fall of Man to the Rise of Woman's Reputation—doubted by H. W. Wilson & Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Ambition—To live until 1912 when his Penn. Mutual Policy expires. He hopes to achieve the latter unless brought to his untimely end by the present Senior Economics class known as

C. E. Boyd—Born some centuries ago in Rome. Began to speak Greek and Latin fluently at three. Won several prizes in Greek spelling matches. Greatest ambition—Not to deprive any students of the great privileges of doing all the classical work possible. Reputation—For making digressions. Never flunked a scholar.

"Sallie"—Educated in Wofford College, roomed with Dr. Tucker. Reputation—For keeping out of the library all the books possible. Greatest desire—To give the future generation benefit of his "new ideas" on education.

A. W. Calhoun—Born in Penn's Woods a few years ago, has been teaching History in "unknown tongues" ever since. Reputation—Arguing. Greatest happiness found in writing the names of those late to breakfast. Possesses the great ambition to be transferred to a "warmed climate," which his students sincerely hope may be realized.

Edward Conradi—Born a "Hoosier," educated in Clark University, where he learned "The Great Fundamental Problems of Life." Some years, he got "his bearings" in the Florida State College for Women where he is at present "orienting" himself. He would "heartily endorse" the student government movement and is especially interested in solving the problem of a "hygienic laundry." He "would like to say right here that laundry prices **must** go up in order to meet current expenses."

Shall we pray?

ABSURDITIES.

Mr. McNeal—What is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms? Jess P.—Hash.

Miss Abernethy (to Hist of Art Student)—How do you make a Maltese Cross? Nora (brightly)—Step on his tail.

Mary D (holding up a new Belmont pennant and surveying it critically)—Isn't it pretty, say Hazel, where is it from?

Mr. Williams—What became of the Swine when the evil spirits were commanded to enter into them? Pearl L.—They became deviled ham.

JUNIOR SYLLOGISMS.

Lottie Cordes likes hash
 Lottie Cordes likes π
 $\therefore \pi$ likes hash.

Silence is golden
 Opals hair is golden
 $\therefore$ Opals hair is Silence.

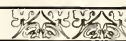
Blessed is she who hungers and thirsts for she shall be filled. Ethel D.
 hungers and thirsts after apple sauce.
 $\therefore$ Ethel D. shall be filled.

SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE.

To get A in Spanish.
 For Eva to get to breakfast on time.
 To use light after ten without being duly rewarded.
 To ring the dressing bell loud enough for Estelle to hear it.
 To think in East Hall without being overheard.
 To get laundry done for nothing.
 To cut classes without your health being questioned.
 To eat a meal without hearing an announcement.
 For all the Seniors to wear their caps and gowns at the same time.
 To learn how to pronounce Chaucer.
 To teach Mr. Barber that tennis is not baseball.
 To get through with one of Dr. Boyd's examinations in less than half a day.

WANT COLUMN.

Wanted—By Lucile—to know all things.
 By Miss Moses—a strong rat trap for East Hall.
 By Eva Dean—breakfast served at nine instead of eleven.
 By Miss Abernethy—"some one to take her off worthily in the mock
 faculty meeting."
 By Gladys Crawford—two extra yards of hair ribbon.
 By Elizabeth C.—an invitation out to dinner.
 My Miss Lewis—"someone to write something cute for the Domestic
 Art Department of the Annual."
 By Olivia—more time.
 By Mr. J. C. Calhoun—someone to lead Chapel whenever its his turn.
 By Mr. Dodd—more college spirit.
 By π —a knife for the use of the Senior Economics class.
 By Mr. A. W. Calhoun—a graphophone to make announcements in
 the dining room.

**OUR CLUB.**

Here is a great **Classical Club**,
 Though their meetings are not in a tub,
 In Latin and Greek
 They do fairly reek,
 While other students they snub.

The **German Club** has a table!
 I wish to add to my fable,
 They chatter so much
 In horrid Dutch,
 To eat fast they are unable.

You have heard of **I-ate-a-pie**?
 It would make you laugh till you cry,
 To see the grand airs,
 In all their affairs,
 To be very proper they try.

Minerva's would buy a piano;
 So decided it must be a go,
 What fine Math scholars,
 With just seven dollars,
 To still persist in it so.

Thalian a senior censor desires,
 She to something greater aspires,
 Are they quite truly,
 So very unruly,
 That this office so much requires?

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT.

The following answers were received to the general question: Tell what you know of the casts in the studio.

1. Venus De Melio.....All of a woman except her arms.
2. Apollo.....Has curly hair with its standing higher on top.
3. Diana.....Has her hair in a ball behind, and is sister to Apollo.
4. Hermes.....Has a little hand on his shoulder.
5. Guano De Medicin.....Has just a hand and no shoulder.
6. The Unknown Woman.....Has her hair drawn tight from the front.
7. The Winged Victory.....A woman with wings.

Florida's Flowers

Sociable Plant.

Grows better in close vicinity with other plants.

Variety: *Aspira Aesthetica*.

Family: *Lucilia Gregoria*.



Gossip Plant.

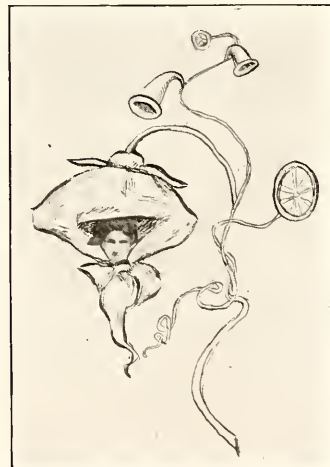
Thrives in the vicinity of Bryan Hall.
Easily raised without experience. Closely related to the Bell-telle-Fone.

Whisperia Scandalosia.

Auto Flower.

Runs along Tallahassee Hills. One of those strange noisesome plants.

Helanis Saxona.





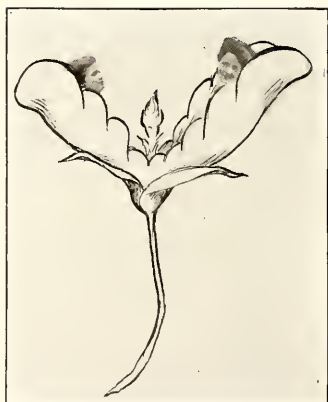
Wisdom Plant.

Flourishes in the Classical Club. Requires a great deal of concentrated attention.

Cordia Family.

Violette Plant.

An exquisitely feminine flower. It is eagerly sought for by the College Maidens in the early spring, particularly the "Ione" Variety.



Lovers' Plant.

Found about the Campus. Being a composite flower the heads are often seen close together.

Ivabess Variety.

Amoria Family.



Actress Plant.

Seen at its best in the "College Show." A variety of the Puff-Blossom or Make-up Plant.

Berylena Family.



Singing Plant.

Cultivated by the C-line. Brilliant like the Opal. Opens only when the piano is playing.

Cupid-Acea Family.

Minervae-Thaliana Plant.

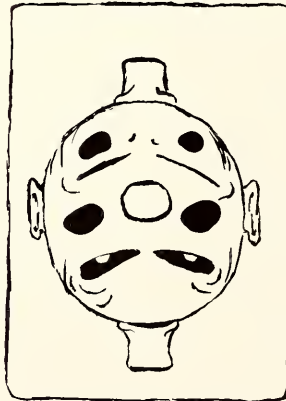
Reliable Bloomer from the last of September to the last of May.

Gardenia and Sweet William.

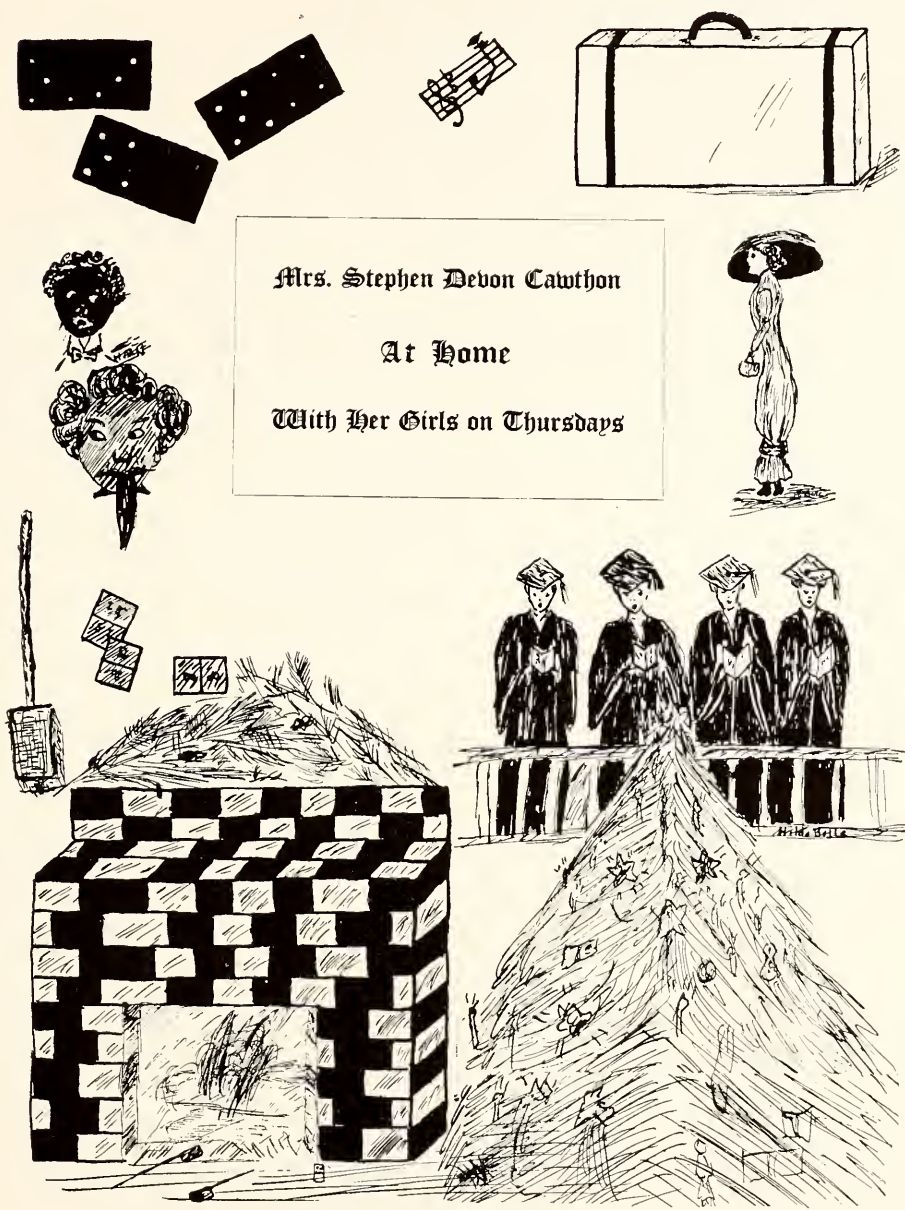




There -
That's better!



For Goodness' Sake -
Cheer up!!!





THE END.





Practice makes perfect, so they say—
Now I can vouch for that this day,
For when I ask a man for his ad,
I can count his whiskers, too,—now that's not bad.

Just rattle off an eighth for four,
And a fourth, eight if he wants more,
For a half page give me fifteen,
Then he looks downright mean.

My notebook then, is my next resource,
When I see he's proff against moral force,
I let his eyes with a sidewise glance,
See a rivals ad, as if by chance.

“Gimme a full page—whatsyuhprice?”
Just as if that would cut any ice,
Laugh silently?—Well I guess I do,
For I knew what motive is pushing him through.

Now that's the way to do the job right,
Just work 'em with all your might;
Don't stay so long, they'll change their tune
Nor thank them like they'd given the moon.

Just remember, dear Seniors, you're still young
And a man will never admit that he's stung.
You are safe, no matter how long you stay
For with the next ad getter he'll act that way.

I'm no moralizer, so why do I care,
Just why he takes an ad with a vacant stare?
I'm business through and through,
Good day, kind sir, I'm done with you.

Now girls I ask you all to patronize
The firms that in our Annual advertise,
Because we've chased these men, until they've hid
When'ere they saw us coming—you bet they did.

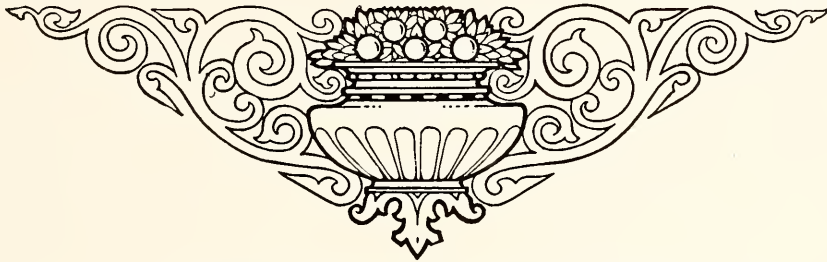
I. D. T., '11.

The Capitol City Bank

OF TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Capital, \$50,000.00

Surplus, \$10,000.00



G. W. SAXON, President

D. M. LOWRY, Vice-President

J. A. BALL, Vice-President

T. E. PERKINS, Cashier

We Solicit your Business : Interest paid on Saving Deposits

Ice ————— Ice ————— Ice

COCO COLA GINGER ALE

MIDDLE FLORIDA ICE COMPANY



PHONE No. 9

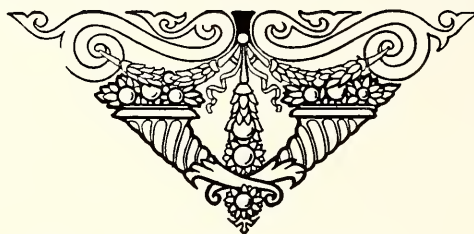
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Phone

Tallahassee Drug Company

for your

Stationery and Toilet Articles



Also Agents for
WHITMANS CANDIES

Tallahassee

STATEMENTS OF THE CONDITION JANUARY 7th, 1911 OF *The OLDEST BANKS in FLORIDA*

SUCCESSORS TO B. C. LEWIS & SONS

Organized 1856

National and State Charters 1889

Charters Renewed 1909

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Tallahassee, Fla.		THE STATE SAVINGS BANK of Tallahassee, Fla.
RESOURCES		
\$252,822.29	Loans and Discounts	\$315,125.85
249.31	Overdrafts	
50,000.00	U. S. Bonds	
45,977.84	Bonds, Securities, Etc.	47,527.34
16,653.35	Banking House and Fixtures	11,250.00
142,377.22	Cash and Due from Banks	44,974.35
\$508,080.63	Totals	\$418,877.54
LIABILITIES		
\$ 50,000.00	Capital Stock	\$ 20,000.00
10,000.00	Surplus	10,000.00
1,088.57	Undivided Profits	2,231.25
50,000.00	Circulation	
396,992.07	Deposits	396,646.29
\$508,080.64	Totals	\$418,877.54

DIRECTORS

George Lewis, W. C. Lewis, M. E. Lewis, E. B. Lewis, G. E. Lewis.

HOLMES DRUG CO.

No matter where you live you
are always next door to us.



TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

The Jeff Davis Studio

*A Davis picture
always pleases*



123 W. Bay Street, Jacksonville, Florida

Atlantic National Bank of Jacksonville

RESOURCES OVER \$6,500,000

We pay interest in the savings department at the rate of 4% per annum,
compounded quarterly. No notice of withdrawal required.

OFFICERS

E. W. Lane, President.
Fred. W. Hoyt, Vice-President.
Thomas P. Denham, Vice-President.

Delmer D. Upchurch, Cashier.
Charles G. Strickland, Assistant.
David K. Catherwood, Ass't. Cashier.

AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION

YOUR education is incomplete now days until you have gained some
financial knowledge. Write for our booklet on banking by mail; it is
free to you, and will prove interesting and educational. Do it NOW.

Barnett National Bank of Jacksonville

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Our Products

Merit Your Patronage

JACKSONVILLE CRACKER WORKS

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

BEST EQUIPPED ESTABLISHMENT IN THE STATE

T. J. APPLEYARD

STATE PRINTER

Printing :: Ruling
Binding

Phone 75 P. O. Box 468

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Anything in Printing from a Business Card to a Book

Gilmore & Davis Company

(INCORPORATED)

Contractors and
Builders

All kinds of Building Material such as Kiln Dried
Lumber, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Paints, Oils and
Bricks. And dealers in Hardware, Doors, Sash and Blinds



TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Does your friend or your friend's friends or your sweetheart ever have a birthday or graduate? If so, see

P. T. NICHOLSON

for almost anything to be found
in a Jewelry Store.

TALLAHASSEE

FLORIDA

Burns & Company

Haberdashers
Men's Furnishings

Shoes for Men
Women and
Children

Tallahassee

Florida

The Bettes Mail Service

Places their mammoth establishment
within reach of all - Medical
and Surgical.

"The sweetest story ever told"
The story of our Candies

The Bettes Pharmacy

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

BYRD'S DELICACIES

FOR THE
College Girls

WHEN your appetite craves for something good, call in and look over our line of fancy groceries, confectionery and bakery products. If you cannot come, telephone us your wants and we will see that you get it promptly.

Say! Have you tried Pimiento Olive Cheese?

T. B. BYRD & SON

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

Agents Foss' Quality Chocolates
Park & Tilford's Candies

54 South Monroe Street
Telephone 1

Commencement Suggestions

From WILSON'S *—Tallahassee's Greatest Store*

A BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF WHITE GOODS

For Commencement Dresses, including Batistes, Mulls, Lingerie Cloths, French Lawns, Dotted Swisses, Mercerized Voiles, Silquistes, and Duck and Cotton Mixtures.

NEW LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

Handsome designs in Flouncings, Allovers, Braids and Gallons in Swiss and French Embroideries. New patterns in Val, Cluny, Torchon, Maltese, Oriental, and German Val Laces.

EVENING SHOES

In an endless variety. Beaded Vamp Suede, Patent Leather, Velvet, Satin and Cravenette Pumps and Sandals.

COMMENCEMENT FIXINGS

Ribbons in all colors and widths. Long Silk Gloves in all colors and black and white, with Hose to match. Silk Lisle Hose in all colors and black and white. White Silk and Spangled Tans.

P. W. WILSON & COMPANY

The sweet girl graduate

The Debutante

The Bride

Are all entitled to carry a pretty bouquet of flowers.
If supplied by us the bouquet will be faultless in
makeup, correct in style, and right in price.

MILLS, THE FLORIST, Inc.

When you need flowers remember us.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Phone 714

Cotrell & Leonard

ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of

**CAPS and
GOWNS**

To the American College
From the Atlantic to the
Pacific.

CLASS CONTRACTS A SPECIALTY

Shoemaker's Stables

Phone 38

TALLAHASSEE

FLORIDA

CHITTENDEN & CO.

Offer the largest and prettiest Line of Low Quarter Shoes, Slippers and Pumps in the City. They select their stock with the view to pleasing the College Girls, and carry in stock at all times Patent Leather, Gun Metal, Vici, Suede and Bronze.

Lord and Taylor's celebrated "Onyx" Hosiery for Ladies is also carried by

CHITTENDEN & CO.

HOTEL LEON

TALLAHASSEE, : FLORIDA

The Land of Perpetual Roses. Recent Improvements. Homelike comforts. Beautiful drives to nearby lakes, which afford splendid fishing and shooting. A paradise for tourists or sportsmen.

RATES, \$2.50 PER DAY AND UP

Beverly & Ferris, Props.

Eugene Lyday, Mgr.

**EDWARDS,
BOARD OF CONTROL**

ARCHITECT



JACKONVILLE, FLORIDA

After a day of hard work have a
good nights rest on a

Burnstein 2-piece Bed

Sold by

Chadwick Furniture Co.

Jacksonville, Florida

THE S. B. HUBBARD COMPANY

30 to 44 W. Bay Street

JACKSONVILLE
FLORIDA

Locomotor, Ataxia, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Paralysis,
Fatty Degeneration of the Heart, Valvular Weakness,
Rheumatism in all Forms, Internal Organs; also all the
Nervous Diseases, Adipose Tissue, and building up of the
body in general.

Dr. Arthur de Collard

Jacksonville, Florida

Kohn-Furchgott Co.

"In the Heart of Jacksonville"

The Greatest Department Store in Florida

The FURCHGOTT organization
operates ten complete stores covering
the requirements of men, women and
children in all matters of personal
apparel and furnishings.

The Millinery Store
The Drapery Store
The Dress Goods Store
The Ready-to-Wear Store
The Shoe Store
The Silk Store
The Boys' Clothing Store
The Fancy Goods & Notion Store
The Furchgott Store for Men and
The Store for Domestic and Linen

The most efficient Mail Order Department in
the South waits upon them all. Order by mail

Kohn-Furchgott Co.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Greenleaf & Crosby Co.

Dealers and Importers of

Diamonds, Precious Stones and Art Goods

Dealers in

GIFT-GIVING GOODS

Clocks, Watches, Rich Gold Jewelry, Cut
Glass, Fine China, Silverware and
1847 Rogers Plated Ware

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST

Established 1868

Jacksonville,

Florida

Yaeger & Bethel Hardware Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware, Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Mill Supplies, Building
Material, Plumbing, Roofing and Guttering

STOVES AND RANGES

Tin, and Enameled Wares, Glass Ware, Crockery and
China Ware, Paints, Oils, Colors, Window
Glass, Sewer Pipe, Wagon Material,
Agricultural Implements



"Chattanooga" Plows and Repairs

*There is an unpretentious little
Photo Studio in Jacksonville, con-
ducted by*

THE FORDS

*Where exquisitely beautiful photo-
graphs are made.*

Florida State College for Women

Tallahassee, Florida

An institution of the First Rank, supported by State
Funds for Florida Young Women

Thorough courses lead to the Degrees of B. A., B. Sc., M. A.,
M. Sc., and L. I., and to

DIPLOMAS IN

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| I. College of Arts and Sciences. | IV. School of Art. |
| II. Normal School. | V. School of Expression. |
| III. School of Music. | VI. School of Home Economics. |
| VII. Graduate School. | |

Tuition Free; other expenses very low. For further information
address

EDWARD CONRADI, M.A., Ph.D., *President*

University of Florida

Gainesville, Florida

An Institution of the First Rank, supported by State and Federal
Funds for Florida Young Men.

Thorough Courses lead to degrees of B. A., B. Sc., M. A., M. Sc.,
and LL. B. in

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| I. College of Arts and Sciences. | IV. College of Law. |
| II. College of Agriculture. | V. Normal School |
| III. College of Engineering. | VI. Graduate School. |

Tuition Free; other expenses very low. For further information
address

A. A. MURPHREE, A. M., LL. D., *President*



FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY



3 1254 03421 7303

